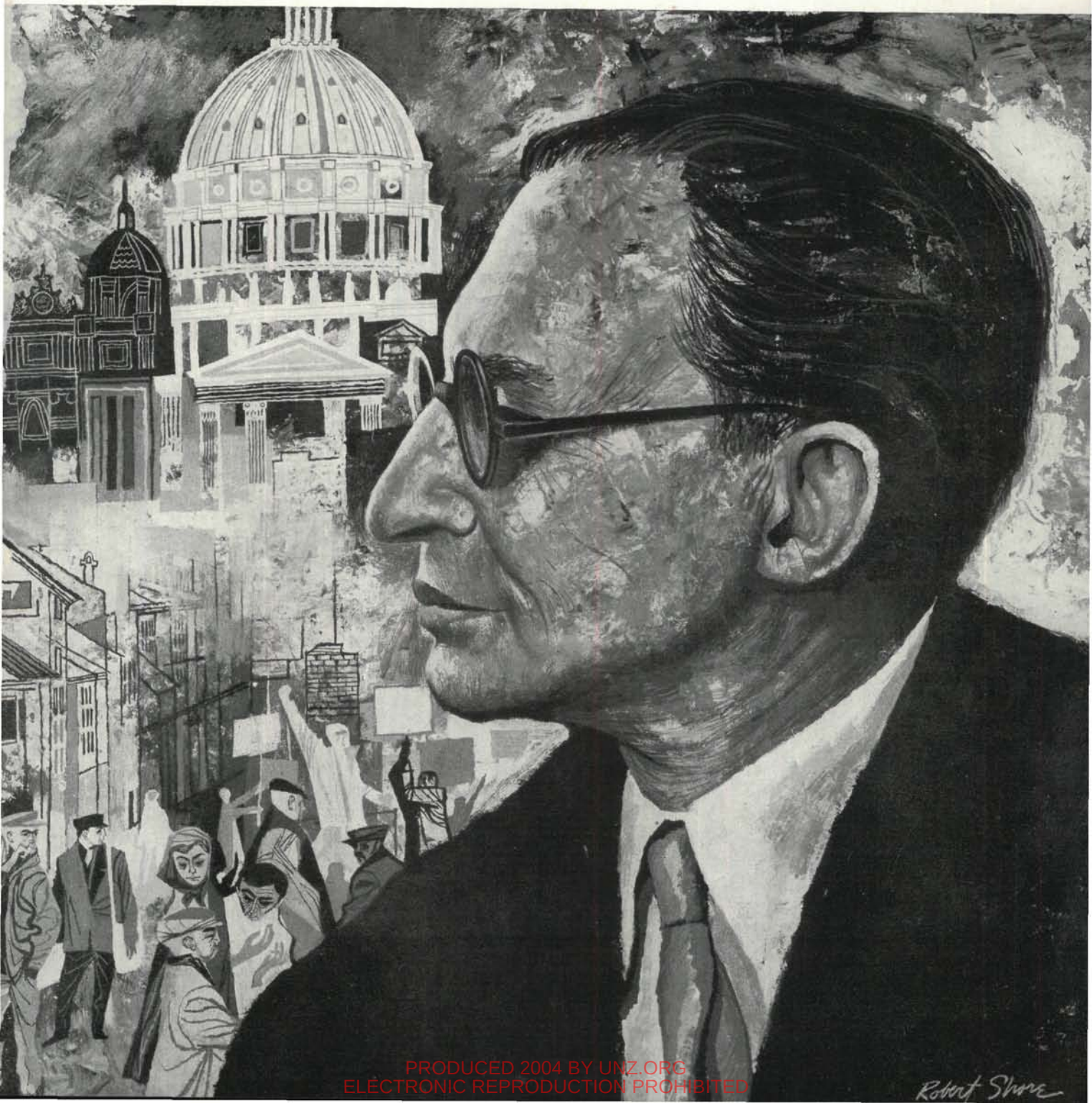
The Soft Spot of the Free World

The Reporter

March 18, 1952 25c

Italy's Harassed Premier:
Alcide de Gasperi



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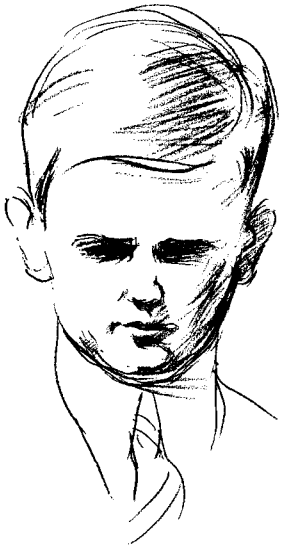
Kings, Erstwhile And Would-be

The Count of Paris

Otto of Austria-Hungary

Don Juan of Spain

Umberto of Italy



Simeon of Bulgaria

Michael of Romania

Peter of Yugoslavia

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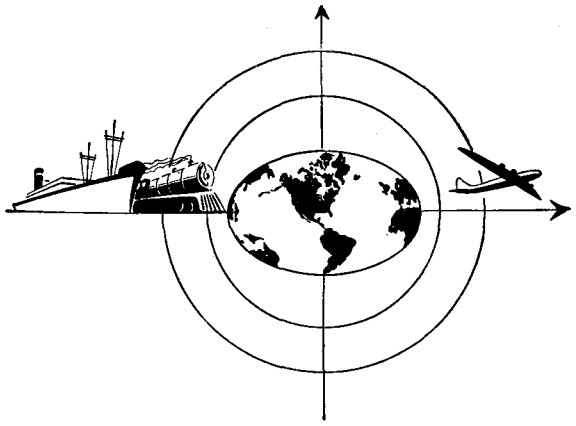

The Reporter's Notes

Station Identification

A year and a half ago, when The Reporter *was very young, the following paragraphs were published in answer to questions from new readers as to what this magazine's basic aims were. We have been asked the same thing frequently these last few months. Our reply hasn't changed:*

Every once in a while, a publication like ours should pause to identify itself —to tell its old and new readers what it stands for and what the time is.

This is the time when our country must take a stand for peace and define its pattern for peace, even while it is fighting a political war all over the world and a sample military war in one corner of the world. If we give in to the temptation of launching total war on Soviet Russia, we will break the coalition of nations on our side. If we submit to the enemy's provocation and fail to rearm, we will be inviting aggression on our own soil. *The Reporter* has often pointed out that Communist tactics have made peace and war indivisible in our time by fomenting civil war in every nation they have not yet conquered, and that now at long last we can separate peace from war by making our system of alliances the nucleus of the future order of the world.

This is the time when the idea and the institutions of freedom have lost most of their radiance, when too many people all over the world are turning listless ears to highbrow or lowbrow generalizations about freedom. *The Reporter* thinks that there is concrete emergency work to be done here and now in mapping out the measures that will revitalize free institutions wherever they are in danger.

Finally, this is the time when our American experiment in self-government and well-being can no longer be considered the odd privilege of the people who happened to settle here; for it is an experiment that other nations can repeat if they wish, each at its own pace and in its own way. Perhaps this last is the major problem of our days, the one that *The Reporter* has tried hardest to tackle. The uniqueness of the American achievement often prevents our own as well as foreign people from realizing what it actually is: a pattern that, for all its shortcomings, is the best yet found to guarantee the advance of civilization.

Where We Stand

The Reporter does not like to be called a middle-of-the-road magazine. To be in the middle of the road means to be at an equal distance from the extremes, and at their mercy. *The Reporter* dislikes the idea of standing halfway between, let's say, McCarthy and Marcantonio. If you always stick to the middle of the road, you can be crowded off by reckless drivers on either side.

When it comes to the institutions of freedom, *The Reporter* is extremely conservative, for it wants them to regain the vigor and appeal they had when they were first established. At the same time, it believes that democracy can be extended much farther than it has been—here and abroad—in such fields as international, labor, and race relations. In describing how our democratic institutions are run and how our policy and lawmakers behave, *The Reporter* tries first of all to understand objectively the facts as they are, even if some of them—for instance, that politicians care for votes, businessmen for profits, and labor leaders for power—appear shocking to the naïve. *The Reporter* does not expect every government on our side to have ancestors like Jefferson and Hamilton. But it protests as loudly as it can when Congressional leaders, in blind flurries of "realism," take to their heart the shadiest sort of anti-Communist riffraff.

The Reporter is every inch anti-Communist. It is as irritated by Stalin's tactics as it is bored by his theories. But it refuses to be mesmerized by the Communist danger, or to waste its energies psychoanalyzing the Communist mind. While fighting Communism it tries to look beyond it—to the world we are going to live in when the countries infected by the Communist poison are finally reabsorbed into our civil society. *The Reporter* does not believe that Communism can ever be our nemesis—unless our physical weakness and mental laziness make it so.

The Reporter is a young and optimistic magazine. It's a magazine that usually keeps its shirt on, but doesn't mince words when it gets angry. It tries as much as it can not to denounce what's wrong or utopian without pointing out what's right and feasible. It has strong principles, and it does not take a holiday from its principles every time it goes to press.

The Reporter attempts to cover not everything that happens in the world, but everything that matters for fundamental purposes: building peace in these times of war, avoiding the pitfalls of warmongering and of peace mongering, and living up to the responsibilities that our nation has assumed as the pace-setter for the world.

In a Nutshell

The Reporter has found great strength in the support of its readers. It counts on the co-operation of the friends it has made to help make new ones. If our readers want to know in one sentence how to describe the magazine, here is the sentence: It is a magazine for the partisans of freedom.

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CORRESPONDENCE

BELGRADE GAMBLE

To the Editor: Encomiums for the February 5 issue of *The Reporter*. Your many-faceted approach to our relations with Tito has thrown much light upon the Belgrade gamble. Bogdan Raditsa's vigorous journalistic approach, William Douglas's historical perspective, and Peter J. Allen's personal I-was-there treatment made stimulating reading.

ELIZABETH REEVE
Mill Valley, California

To the Editor: Your editorial and the two lead articles on Yugoslavia in the February 5 issue were good. You should have something like them more often. At least it flatters the reader when an editor—how rarely this happens!—drops the pose of omniscience.

But I was troubled about the disagreement over a factual situation in the two lead articles. Raditsa made quite a thing of the peasants' opposition to collectivization. Douglas gave statistics on its extent and suggested that "Tito is no longer pressing as hard as he used to for collective farming." While your editorial made reference to collectivization, the reader still wonders whether the facts here are not clear or whether Raditsa, "now an exile in the United States," can be counted as anything like an impartial observer.

The third article, "On the Danube Frontier," is the kind of thing that, in my opinion, is hardly ever done well, and it wasn't done well here. You would have done better to point out to your readers a better source for gaining the "feel" on this part of the world: Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*. As journals of contemporary opinion go, it is an old book, and perhaps you suppose your readers are familiar with it. If they are, then the Allen piece was a waste of time and space; if not, you missed the opportunity to lead them to turn to a far more readable picture of the people of the Balkans.

WILLIAM L. DAY
Springfield, Illinois

To the Editor: It was good of you to give so much space to the problem of the Belgrade gamble. For the problem has two important aspects: The one is whether or not western help to Tito is a good policy; strictly connected with it is the aspect of whether or not there are several brands of Communism in the world.

As for the first aspect, it was so extensively presented in your editorial and in Bogdan Raditsa's article that there is nothing to be added. Opinions may differ as to the question of helping Tito, and opinions in general should be respected. This also goes for some views expressed in the article of Justice William O. Douglas. For instance, it may be a matter of opinion whether Yugoslavia, as Justice Douglas claims, went through a counter-revolution after Moscow broke relations with Tito (it was not Tito who departed from Stalin!), or whether Tito opposed Moscow primarily for reasons of his personal safety, as I believe he did. It is also a matter of opinion whether prewar Yugoslavia was a country as described by Justice Douglas, or whether, as I believe, it never was in so miserable a condition as to deserve comparison with Tito's Yugoslavia.

But opinions are one thing, and facts another. Therefore, there are some statements in his article that call for an answer even when the answer is addressed to such a distinguished American.

May I, therefore, be allowed to point out to your readers certain historic facts that contradict Justice Douglas's statements. First, the peasants of Yugoslavia always had enough to live on before Tito took power. Second, Tito did not revolt against the German invasion of Yugoslavia in 1941, but started guerrilla war only after Hitler invaded the U.S.S.R. Third, the Yugoslav Communist Party has never been strong and never has grown. Tito has been a product of terror and of disunity among the Yugoslav anti-Communist forces, a result of support from the West and of western sacrifice on the altar of "coexistence" with the Soviet Union.

As for the second aspect of the Yugoslav problem, i.e., the aspect of the so-called "brands" of Communism, Justice Douglas mentions several examples as proofs of existing differences between Yugoslav Communism and Soviet-type Communism. These examples, however, do not prove the theory of two-brand Communism. For the "two presses, the People's Front papers and the Communist papers," exist not only in Yugoslavia but in all Communist countries, and in Poland there is even an independent Catholic weekly; the existence of the U.S. Information Center in Yugoslavia was paralleled up to a not-distant past in other Communist countries too, and it still operates in Yugoslavia only because Tito needs American dollars and guns; the agricultural program in Yugoslavia has not gone very far toward Communist goals only because of the bold resistance of the peasants. (Tito himself repeatedly stated recently that collectivization must go on, for it is the basis of his policy and his doctrine.)

One is sometimes under the impression that the free world still does not fully realize the essence of the historic struggle against Communism. This is only due to the fantastic belief according to which Yugoslavia proves that, to quote Justice Douglas, "even in the Communist world ideas of freedom and justice are potent forces . . ." and that "we can demonstrate that even a Communist East and a democratic West can work and live together in peace. . . ."

One would have thought that a basic truth is by now commonly accepted—that we cannot live in peace with the Communist East for two reasons: First, we would betray our democratic ideals; second, if the Kremlin would accept a compromise with the West, Communism, because of its revolutionary, ideological, and imperialistic character, would cease to be Communism. Could anyone expect such a miracle to happen by consent of the Kremlin?

It is a pity that Justice Douglas, while in Yugoslavia, did not attend one of the political courses given regularly to the party members. If the presence of such a distinguished visitor from America could have been left unnoticed, he would have been able to hear some of Tito's men saying to the audience, "Do not worry because of our present dealings with the United States; one day we shall beat the Americans with their own guns and planes . . . and achieve our dream—Communist domination of the entire world."

GRGA ZLATOPER
New York City

CANDIDATES FOR OBLIVION?

To the Editor: Your March 4 cover depicts four highly vulnerable personages: the King of Libya, the Bey of Tunis, the Sultan of Morocco, and the King of Egypt. As an insurance-company actuary, I would have to recommend pretty steep premiums on this group.

In fact, at standard rates my company would have lost heavily on recent *Reporter* cover subjects. I don't have access to your Volumes 1 and 2, which as I remember ran to allegory rather than portraiture. But my files of Volumes 3 through 5, dated July 4, 1950, to December 25, 1951, includes thirty-nine nonduplicating likenesses—not counting a news photograph of Robert E. Stripling, former chief investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, giving handouts to a group of eager reporters. Of these thirty-nine, Prime Ministers Liaquat Ali Khan and Haj Ali Razmara have been assassinated, and Senator Wherry, Admiral Sherman, and General de Lattre have died of natural causes. This is a mortality of more than one in eight.

Your choice of Man of the Fortnight (never the Woman) is sometimes baffling. I note that only Senator Taft, President Truman, Secretary Acheson, General Eisenhower, and King Farouk, in that order, have been honored twice.

S. L. SLADE
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The soft spot of the free world, the Achilles' heel of democracy, can be perhaps best described as a time lag, a failure to grow and broaden as fast as the world situation demands. The lag shows up everywhere—in the distance between the new moods of the people and the archaic practices of politics, between the bold decisions of the diplomats and the sticky objections of the national parliaments. In the editorial—and in three national case studies—*The Reporter* looks at the struggle between old-fashioned attitudes and brand-new necessities.

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber and **Theodore H. White** are European correspondents for this magazine. . . . **Eugene J. McCarthy** is a Democratic member of the House of Representatives from Minnesota. . . . **Walter O'Hearn** is New York correspondent for the Montreal *Star*. . . . **Marquis Childs**'s next book, from which his article in this issue is an extract, will be called *The Farmer Takes a Hand*. . . . **Louis Duval,** a European scholar, was last represented in *The Reporter* by the article "Motives for European Unity," which appeared in the December 25, 1951, issue. . . . **Richard N. Gardner** is currently in England as a Rhodes Scholar. . . . **Santha Rama Rau**'s latest book was *Home to India*. . . . **Henry Tanner** is Foreign News Editor of the Houston *Post*. . . . **Donald Hall** wrote *Perilous Sanctuary* and *This Other Eden*. . . . Cover by **Robert Shore**; inside cover drawings by **Ivan Opffer.**

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MAX ASCOLI

The Achilles' Heel of Democracy

IT HAS NEVER been so true as in these last few weeks: Democracy may have its great days at the international level, as in Lisbon where the leaders of a defensive alliance acted as the wise, daring lawmakers of the free world. But before and after, democracy has its weeks of atonement and tribulation in the national parliaments. Fresh from allied conferences that have made history, the men responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs face the suspicious or angry representatives of the people in grueling debates or committee hearings. Not even a man like Winston Churchill is exempt from these parliamentary head-hunting parties. And if one considers the punishment some of his European colleagues take from their parliaments, our own Secretary of State appears by comparison the respected, trusted spokesman for the American Congress.

In every democracy, old and new, there is this conflict between executive and legislative power, embittered now because while the executive sees the need for trying new paths in international organization, parliaments and political parties are inclined to cling to the past and shun experiments. Diplomats seem to get more done than politicians.

The Undying Parties

There are many reasons for the irritable, sluggish mood of parliaments, one of them being the character of democratic political parties themselves. With their unchanging rituals, the parties tend to reflect popular interests and feelings of the past rather than the present. There are countries in Europe where democratic political institutions have in recent times been outlawed: in France for five years, in Germany for fifteen, in Italy for twenty-odd. Almost invariably the rebirth of democracy has been marked by a hallucinating revival of the past: the same party structure, the same habits, the same intraparty squabbles, sometimes even the same leaders—a bit worn by age and defeat, but still watching for the chance to return to power.

Paris offers in its parliament a living collection of all the causes that in 1940 made for the fall of France. The situation there has a particularly weird quality, since some of the men who were responsible for that disaster are still around, rather advanced in years—though not as elderly as those vigorous nonagenarians, relics of the pre-Fascist past, Orlando and Nitti, who still raise loud nationalistic shrieks in the parliament at Rome.

And, of course, there is in nearly every parliament the phony party—the national branch of the Communist International. Whenever it is strong enough, the Communist Party turns into a state within the state, with its own law and its own systems for law enforcement. Wherever it succeeds in sending its men to parliament, Communism aggravates confusion and indecisiveness, foments nationalism, and does what it can to sabotage the passage of legislation meant to establish a new supranational order. Its opportunity lies in the blight of the democracies, in the sluggish nature of democratic parties, in the difficulties that the executive branch invariably encounters when it tries to have international agreements ratified by the elected representatives of the people.

THE SOMEWHAT lethargic quality of the democratic parties, their low resistance to corruption and intrigue, makes them extraordinarily inviting targets. In fact they are the Achilles' heel of democracy. Hitler rode to power on this issue. It is also the main theme of General de Gaulle and his main hope of success, for the more shaky the third-force government, the better his chances of establishing authoritarian—although not necessarily totalitarian—rule.

Our democratic political parties, with their organizations mostly consisting of part-time workers, find the going singularly tough when they are up against new political-action groups manned by full-time operators. These groups are to be found both at the extreme Left and at the extreme Right. An article in this issue of *The Reporter* describes a super-streamlined machine of this type, which is now working in Italy, the country that at the end of the First War gave the world the pattern of right-wing totalitarianism.

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The function of political parties is to form an organic link between the people's interests and the legalistic, constitutional structure of government. This structure is now being altered radically all over the free world. The system of interlocking federations that is coming into being in our day will some day coalesce into an order in which citizenship will find new responsibility and scope. But meanwhile the democratic parties cannot help operating within the framework of what still exists: the old national states.

Never has the gap between politics and statesmanship been so broad—and so dangerous. The politician-statesmen know how very broad this gap is when, back from a glorious session of supranational lawmaking, they have to explain all to their colleagues—the titular lawmakers of the national parliaments.

Private Escape Routes

The great question of our day is: Can the new supranational democracy run the gantlet of the old national parliaments? Can the new institutions prove strong enough to overcome the dead weight of nationalistic tradition and party folkways? The Communists are sure that the answer will be "No," and, as usual, they are doing everything in their power to make their forecast come true. Their favorite method is to foster the delusion each nation has that it can discover its own private way to avoid the Commmunist threat.

There are many such delusions abroad in the world. There is the delusion—still to be found, even after Prague, in several European countries—that "our Communists are different." There is the belief, still widely held, that the Communists after all do not intend to attack, or the one that some form of neutrality, guaranteed and respected by the two giant powers, can be devised for the nations of Europe and of Asia. Finally there is the most pernicious of all the delusions: that salvation from Communism begins and ends at home. This salvation can be achieved, allegedly, in two ways: either by establishing the paragon democracy in one country or by concentrating all the energy of the nation on the suppression of local Communism. The latter job may require the assistance of vivid imagination and black magic in a country like the United States or the use of all armed forces for domestic police purposes in a country like Italy.

All these escapes from the trouble of building a new supranational order are based on anti-Communism plus nationalism, with a few other ingredients thrown in depending on the national situation: socialism, "free enterprise," or even, of all things, militant religion. The list of would-be escapists is truly amazing, for it goes from Aneurin Bevan in Britain to large groups of continental Catholics, Protestants, and Socialists to Taft, Hoover, and Kennedy in our own country. The danger from all these forces must not be underestimated. They can find their greatest strength in the sticky, bewildered conservatism of democratic parties everywhere—and particularly in our own country.

In our country the political parties are the stickiest of all—and this is as it should be, for ours is the oldest democracy in the world. In spite of the cumbersome procedures involved, several amendments have been added to our Constitution in recent times, but it is difficult to think of any changes in the established way of nominating Presidential candidates—with the exception perhaps of the simple-majority, instead of two-thirds, rule for nomination adopted by the Democratic convention of 1936.

If there is to be any change in the time-honored routine this year, it hasn't yet become noticeable. One candidate, Senator Taft, is said to be well ahead for the Republican nomination, and, as the newspapers say, a "ground swell" is rising for him. There are other candidates trying to detect their own ground swells, while still another candidate seems to be in some difficulties. His predicament is serious indeed, for he, more than any other man, is responsible for the achievement at Lisbon, but he cannot at the moment ride the Presidential-primary circuit, shaking hands with politicians and kissing babies sixteen hours a day.

Recent elections have shown how the people respond when they have the chance of voting for anybody who is or pretends to be independent. This should be the time for truly independent movements, the time when citizens are offered every possible chance to split their tickets and to free themselves from the fetters of party regularity. This should be the time for party realignments: We need the best possible men not only in the White House but also on Capitol Hill, for the most urgent need is to stop the paralyzing encroachments of Congress into the executive branches of government.

Our politicians, however, do not like novelties and prefer not to take chances. American politics is ruled by the words of Ecclesiastes: "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be. . . ." But if the conflict between the executive and the legislature is not settled here in America, where else in the world can it be done?

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Gedda

Italy's Second Line Against Communism

CLAIRE STERLING

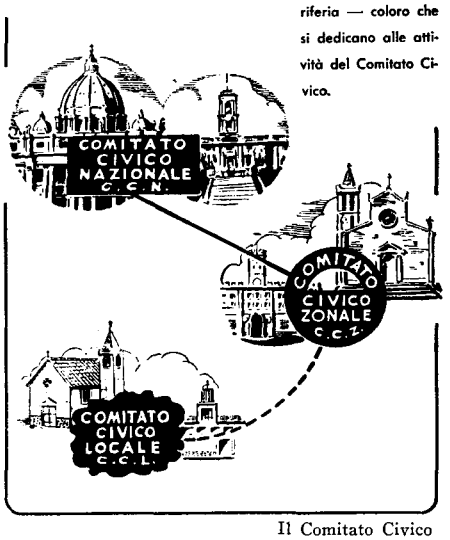
FOR THE last six years, the main anti-Communist defense line in Italy, under the leadership of Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi, has been held by the Christian Democratic Party. On the right and left flanks several minor parties have operated in formal or informal alliance with the Christian Democrats. Far off to the Right, strung out loosely, neo-Fascist and monarchist formations have been fighting their own war against de Gasperi and the Communists alike. Last spring, in the first round of municipal elections, the Christian Democratic coalition lost votes and gained seats. The votes went to the extremes—Left and Right.

This spring comes the second and final round of municipal elections, mostly in the south, and next year, if not sooner, come the general elections for parliament. In anticipation of another and more serious swing to the extremes, a second defense line is being prepared. So far not all its forces have been deployed, for the line is to be used if and when the Christian Democratic line is overrun. One thing is certain, however: If the anti-Communist redeployment takes place, the commander-in-chief will not be de Gasperi. And the front will not be called, even in the wildest rhetorical flourishes, a democratic one, for it will stretch far to the Right and will include most monarchists and many neo-Fascists.

The leaders of the new alignment—already massing reserves and mapping strategy—are Padre Riccardo Lombardi, a Jesuit, and Luigi Gedda, whom the Pope recently appointed head of Catholic Action. Father Lombardi is a man of extraordinary eloquence. His is the voice that insistently calls the faithful to a political and moral revival, his the inspiration and the vision. He is the spiritual director. The commander—in charge of strategy, operations, intelligence, personnel, and supply—is Gedda, a fifty-year-old professor of psychology.

Luigi Gedda first broke into Italian politics on a big scale in the national election campaign of 1948, when the democratic groups were poorly organized and the Communist front seemed on the verge of winning. Gedda, who at the time was head of the men's section of Catholic Action, decided that the Christian Democrats were no match for the Communist machine in getting out the vote, and he resolved to do something about it. But the Concordat, or diplomatic agreement, between the Vatican and the Government prohibited ecclesiastical organizations from "joining or participating in any political party." To avoid this difficulty, Gedda set up what he called the Civic Committees, a sort of holding company of all Italian Catholic organizations, at the national as well as at the local level, seeing to it that the largest possible number of anti-Communist voters went to the polls. The idea of the Civic Committees had been first conceived by Father Lombardi.

La struttura agile del Comitato Civico, risulta dal saldo, cordiale legame tra il Centro, la Zona, il Comitato locale. Un identico spirito di generosa dedizione, anima — al Centro ed alla Periferia — coloro che si dedicano alle attività del Comitato Civico.



Il Comitato Civico

'The flexible structure of the Civic Committee is due to the firm, cordial ties between the Central, District, and Local offices. An identical spirit of generous dedication animates—at the central headquarters as well as at the periphery—those who dedicate their activities to the Civic Committee.'

The Committees aimed at the total mobilization of every Catholic group in Italy—ranging from religious orders to sports and recreational clubs. Within a few weeks, committees were organized in practically every city ward and village—19,000 in all, with the help of the leaders of Catholic organizations and many of the 24,000 parish priests. This was Gedda's answer to the Communist cellular setup. Unquestionably it worked.

After the election Gedda did not disband his Committees, nor did he make them a part of the Christian Democratic political machine. Instead they remain attached to, though not identified with, Catholic Action. They were to function as an outboard motor that Gedda could lend or not, as he chose, to the captain of the Christian Democratic boat, de Gasperi.

Gedda's Committees have no rank and file, no card-carrying members. Indeed, the official pamphlet describing their aims and structure airily dismisses old-fashioned mass organizations set up on the traditional system of membership drives, cards, and (presumably) dues. The organizations of our day require new types of mass

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enlistment "more in tune with the psychology and the means of communication of modern society," the pamphlet says: "The purpose of the Civic Committees is to conquer public opinion on as broad a basis as possible. Therefore no enrollment, no cards."

Obviously, the Committees are designed not to reflect, but to form public opinion. The directives come from on high. So, presumably, do the funds, which, to judge from the accompanying organizational chart of a typical committee, must be large.

Although Gedda has been pestered by the inquisitive Italian press for four years, he has rarely given even a hint of his specific political objectives. Beyond opposing Communism and favoring a religious revival—"Either we build a Christian Italy or we die"—his message is composed of elementary lessons on civic obedience, appeals to team spirit, and a jumble of abstract words. The official pamphlet, for instance, mentions the following in a list of what the Committees are against (the key words are left in Italian):

"Conservatorismo: In modern times, modern techniques.

"Criticismo: Corrosive criticism undoes every possibility of success.

"Personalismo: We serve general interests; personal questions don't concern us.

"Improvvisazione: Youthfulness and dynamism which do not have a meditated base frustrate action."

The pamphlet is for:

"Progressismo: Use all the new forms of action which civilization puts at our disposal.

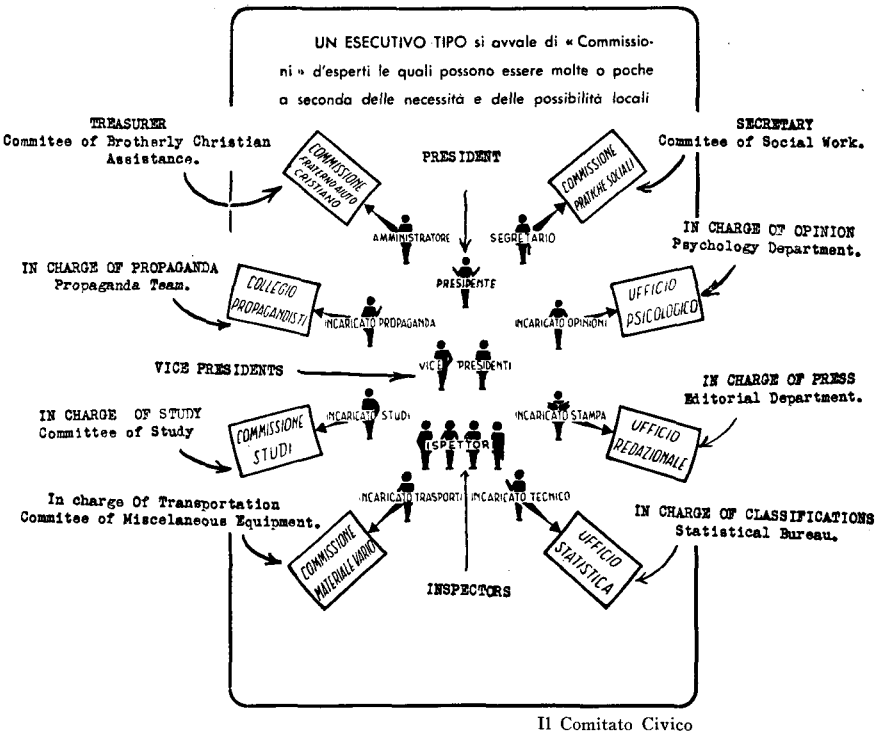
"Coralità [roughly, "unison"]: Involve all healthy forces, respecting the character of each, but achieving harmony of action.

"Sportività: Be nimble and ready to receive blows, parry them, and return them without going into a flutter.

"Linearità-Agilità: Stick to the substantial aspect of an action without losing yourself in secondary particulars.

"Tempismo: Fix the intermediate goals of a program and scan the beats with regularity.

"Serenità: Adverse circumstances must goad us to act even faster."



Il Comitato Civico

'A typical Executive of a Civic Committee uses the services of committees of experts, many or few according to local opportunities and needs.'

'Specialized Democracy'

Aside from such gobbledygook, the pamphlet and the Committees' monthly, *Collegamento,* are filled with declarations of this sort: "The civic conscience is infantile"; it must be regulated. "The citizen must be formed and oriented as a member . . . of the commonwealth." Unemployment must be solved "in the light of Christian social doctrine, and the principle of brotherhood which is at the basis of Christianity." The "grave crisis in civic authority" comes from "the multitude of dangers created by the bad practices of an irresponsible democracy and the ambush of organized Communism."

Gedda personally has committed himself to almost nothing in writing. His regular editorials in *Collegamento* are usually short comments on what Stalin is up to, along with effusive but vague eulogies of the work of local Committees. The only written sample of his basic political thinking is an essay in a book called *Toward a Democratic Corporativism,* a series of pieces, published last year, that condemn Mussolini's distortions of the idea of the corporate state and proposes adopting its best features in a democracy. This program is said to be of particular interest to the Jesuits.

While Gedda undoubtedly agrees with the general thesis, his own article contributes little to it. The most interesting point he makes is that democracy "as inherited from the last century" is obsolete. "Democracy is a beautiful idea," he writes. "But . . . if the voters are to be protected from the coercion of propaganda which, in our time, has reached a force absolutely unknown in the nineteenth century . . . we must think seriously whether *the naïve democracy of universal suffrage should not be replaced by the more modern and adequate mechanism of a specialized democracy* [italics his]." What this specialized democracy is he doesn't bother to explain.

Although Gedda is, for all practical purposes, mute on economic problems, he has recently had close contact with the *Vespisti*—an informal league of seventy-four Christian Democratic Senators and Deputies, headed by a landowner named Carmine De Martino and an industrialist named Enrico Falck, banded to fight land reform and to agitate for the return of unqualified laissez faire. Their ideas have been condemned by the conservative Rome newspaper *Il Messaggero* as a "one-way [economic] liberalism that asks the state to abstain from intervening in the fight between the mighty and the small." Last fall Falck called on Gedda to put the *Vespisti* "at his disposal." The offer was not refused.

It is as a propagandist and organizer

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against Communism that Gedda most clearly shows his hand. He is not so much opposed as indifferent to the theory that social reform is the best answer to Marxism; no matter how hard pressed, he seldom mentions unemployment, wages, or land reform. His only concrete suggestion is that the Government should treat the Communists "just as harshly as it proposes to treat the neo-Fascists in the bill before parliament"—that is, outlaw them. Gedda might not be reluctant to recruit the outlawed neo-Fascists.

Gedda does not count on an appeal to reason. "The Communist," he once told his subordinates, "is a Machiavellian materialist . . . who appeals to the lowest instincts of man. . . . He must be fought . . . with the kind of propaganda that is fitted to the limited capacity of assimilation of modern man, whose thought is notably atrophied."

This view of his fellow men as retarded children pervades Gedda's work. He trusts no one but himself to supervise most of the Committee's policies and operations. His propaganda is always on the primer level. His opinion of parliamentarians was apparent in his instructions to his workers during the 1948 elections to "illuminate and accompany the candidates to their seats . . . and to teach them, if necessary, the free expression of their own will."

Yet, it must be admitted, Gedda's propaganda is the only propaganda in Italy that is proving a match for the Communists'. What it lacks in content, it makes up in sheer power of repetition. The work of the Civic Committees is performed only by tested agents who are carefully selected and trained. "Find the type," Gedda has written. "Then mold him." "Mold" is a favorite word of his.

Gedda drills his men in what he calls "secret" schools, whose curriculum includes courses like "The Difficulties to Overcome" and "The Classification of Communists"—presumably hopeless, less hopeless, and so on—with instructions on how to approach them. "It is better," a pamphlet says, ". . . to deal through people close to them. The most favorable basis for the propagandist is to live with their families and share food with them."

The student is usually young, and male. He is taught "the formula of the café"—to frequent bars, talk about sport and movies and pretty girls. But he is also impressed with the need for social service: milk for babies, bags of flour for starving families, shoes for unemployed workers. He is particularly instructed to make himself helpful to the impoverished middle classes, whom the Communists are also concentrating on these days. Graduates of Gedda's schools are sent into the hottest trouble areas in Italy to match the Communists blow for blow.

The Psychological Division of the Civil Committees, for some reason, shares the work of opinion-molding with a Propaganda Division. What the difference between the two is, or whether there is a sort of propaganda that doesn't demand psychological skill, is quite difficult to figure out. The propaganda itself is not the least bit difficult to figure out. It uses all the modern means of communication —movies, radio, newspapers, comic books, sound trucks. The message is distributed to Committee workers in scientifically dosed propaganda kits.

The Mountain Labored

Perhaps Gedda has been both overestimated and overcriticized. Certainly some of his methods are anything but sinister: It is no crime to give milk to babies. Equally, his power may have been exaggerated. Perhaps it is true, as one of the most reliable Italian journalists, Vittorio Gorresio, has recently written, that, after their success in 1948, the Civic Committees have not done so brilliantly.

The year after the election, Gedda applied the same methods in a second campaign called the "S" (for syndical) Plan. A free labor federation, the LCGIL, had just been formed to break the Communists' hold on the unions. Though the Civic Committees were not affiliated with the new federation, Gedda undertook to find two million members for it. His appeal was a carbon copy of his old one—anti-Communism and nothing else. He not only failed to produce the two million, or anything approaching it, but he embarrassed the LCGIL by coming unsolicited to its aid. The federation had to establish itself as a non-clerical, nonfactional, hard-bargaining labor movement. Gedda's endorsement threw suspicion on it on all three counts.

The Crusade for the Great Return (of Communists to the Church) was Gedda's next major move, one that had behind it all the weight of the Pope's excommunication of Communists. It

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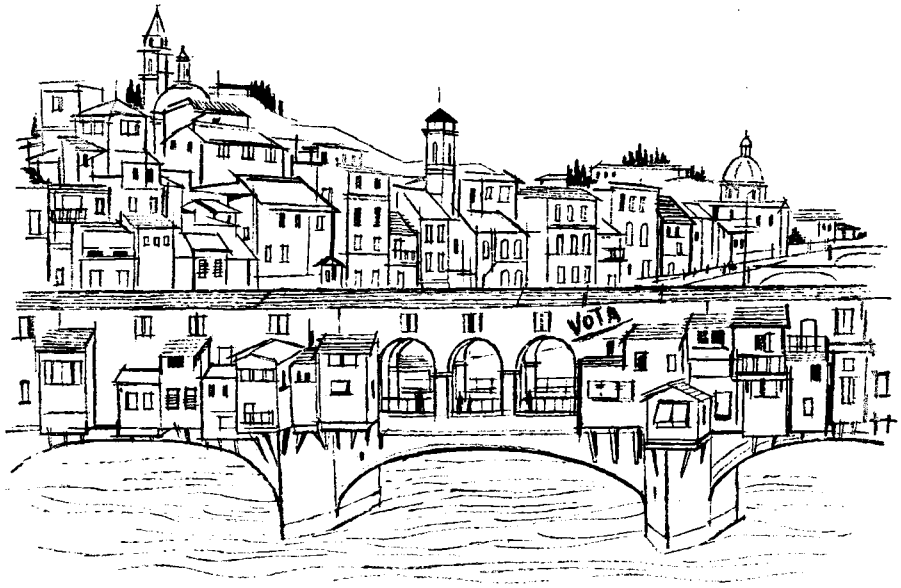
was painstakingly organized, but for the first time elements inside the Church showed their resentment against Gedda. Of 349 superiors of religious orders whom he invited to a planning conference, only 177 showed up. The campaign itself was a dismal failure.

Last spring's municipal elections were Gedda's most recent test. He has claimed credit for winning back a third of the Left's mayoralties in north and central Italy. But this came about not through an increase in the anti-Communist vote, but through a complicated new system of awarding seats on the basis of electoral alliances between the democratic parties. As a matter of fact, the Christian Democratic vote declined from 1948 by about a million; the Communist vote went up.



The Crowded Anteroom

There was profound astonishment in Italy when, on January 23, it was announced that the Pope had appointed Gedda the president of Catholic Action. It was well known in Rome that some of the highest officials in the Papal Secretariat like Gedda as much as de Gasperi does—which is not saying much. How, then, is his promotion to be explained?

The truth is that long before this appointment Gedda had become the man around whom many interests were grouping. Among the visitors waiting in his anteroom on Christmas Eve were six Cabinet Ministers and twenty-four members of parliament. Some of these men had distrusted Gedda all along, but were seeking his machine's support for de Gasperi. Others were pressing him to lead a revolt against de Gasperi's moderate policies, to unite the rightist groups which have been barred from the democratic alliance, and to organize a new national assault on the Communist Party.

Those who want Gedda's support and leadership represent an astonishing range of opinion—industrialists and landowners who think de Gasperi has gone too far, reformers who think he has not gone far enough; businessmen who want state controls and others who want none; republicans and monarchists; liberal Catholics and neo-Fascists—whose newspaper, *Il Popolo di Roma,* believes Gedda can put an end to the "wrongdoing of a Catholic policy which is restricted to a single formula," in other words putting all eggs in the de Gasperi basket.

All these people see a possible place for themselves under Gedda's roomy formula of anti-Communism pure and simple. For this fight he has the most solid bloc of voters in Italy, except for the Communists themselves. If the Christian Democrats lost voters last spring, they were probably uncertain and wavering independents; Gedda's millions are well sheltered from the temptation of independence. If he has flopped in his other crusades, his reputation as a vote-getter still stands. Because Gedda made no headway in wooing away Communists, his friends maintain that the salvation of Italy lies in opening the door to the extreme Right. This would mean, of course, dispensing with the services of de Gasperi.

Friction between Gedda and the Prime Minister has been increasing since the Civic Committees were first formed. Most Christian Democrats figured that what Gedda did then was an emergency measure, and that he would close shop once the election was over. When Gedda didn't he drew a sharp rebuke from de Gasperi, who is reported to have warned him that Catholic Action should stick to apostolic work. In January, 1949, the Christian Democrats' national convention made it plain that the party could have no organizational relationship with Catholic Action. "Each must act independently . . ." an official report said, "as to ends, means, and methods."

Gedda came back with a taunt. "If [these men] try through Catholic Action," he said, "to strike at the Civic Committees, which have astounded the world, our answer is that this is not only ingratitude but foolishness."

Gedda and his followers have remained neck-deep in politics, of course. Since last summer, he and de Gasperi have scarcely spoken to each other. The final cause for dispute was the spring election, soon after which de Gasperi announced a Government crisis and reformed his Cabinet. Gedda apparently regarded this as an admission that the elections had gone badly—an unforgivable contradiction of his own public declaration that they had been a triumph. He expressed regret that "the politicians of the Christian Democratic Party should have been unable to avoid

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a Government crisis just after these undeniable election results."

Gedda's comment caused a sensation, and he followed it with an explanation in *Collegamento*. "Having worked hard," he wrote, "the Civic Committees do not want to see the fruit of their labor compromised. . . . My intention was to recall politicians to a precise sense of their responsibility. . . . When one wants to strengthen the people in their democratic education, it is necessary for democracy to present itself in their eyes as a coherent, harmonious, and authoritative system. . . . Democracy must find a brake for its prima donnas and restrain its propensity to self-criticism within the limits the public can bear."

Father Lombardi

The consequences of Gedda's recent promotion cannot yet be predicted. So far the shock has made many wavering Christian Democrats, including some who had up to now been critical of de Gasperi, rally more strongly than ever around him. The Liberal Party, which is actually right-of-center but suspicious of clericalism, has shown surprising vigor in denouncing what it calls Church encroachments into politics. The right-wing Socialists, on the contrary, are frittering away whatever popular appeal they might have by indulging in their favorite indoor sport —factional squabbles.

It would be rash to say, as some Italians do, that the Church has decided to sack de Gasperi and to appoint Gedda heir-apparent or kingmaker. Unquestionably there is a new potential political alignment that stretches all the way to the far Right. It is doubtful whether the open preparation of this line has been of any help to de Gasperi.

Unfortunately, the next election will take place in the south, the most poverty-stricken, politically squalid part of the country—the one least fit to set trends for the nation as a whole. Communists, monarchists, and neo-Fascists are strong down there, while democracy has its deepest roots in the north.

Togliatti and Nenni, the Communist and left-wing Socialist chiefs, watch the new alignment with equanimity. If it takes place, they—particularly Nenni—can gain many recruits from the moderate Left. And if the Communist Party is outlawed, the disorder in Italy will practically annul its usefulness to NATO.

Meanwhile, Father Lombardi says that between Marxism and liberal democracy there is little to choose.

The Great Debate: Parisian Style

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

THE Lisbon Conference is over, but not France's version of the Great Debate. The first formal round of this debate in the National Assembly ended two days before the opening of the NATO session, when the deputies gave a vote of half-confidence to the Government on a compromise measure. Most of the legislators considered the debate, as the Socialist leader Jules Moch put it, "no doubt the most important, the most moving, and perhaps the most painful in fifteen years."

Twice within three days the European army project came close to being wholly abandoned. Two or three votes could have tipped the scales. It was only by 36 to 33 that a caucus of Socialist deputies decided to give the Government time to find a compromise measure.

That was just the opening of a long and difficult controversy that remains to be fought inside and outside parliament by those who are resolved to accept Germany as a partner in the system of defense against Stalinism. The speeches were not the transient expression of temporary opinion; they were full of emotion and rhetoric; yet they went to the heart of the matter. Nothing can tell more about the real feelings, fears, and hopes of the French people than an account of this February debate.

Across Party Lines

Not since the days of Munich in 1938 has foreign policy been the subject of such lengthy controversy or the occasion for so many speeches by the political leaders of the nation. Moreover, it was the basic premises of western policy that were questioned. Is there a real danger of Soviet aggression? Is it possible to create a democratic Europe that includes Germany? Can the merger of national sovereignties be limited to the continent or must it be extended to the whole Atlantic area?

It soon became apparent that, confronted with these questions, not one French political party was able to keep its unity—with the exception, needless to say, of the Communists. The lines taken cut right across all the center parties. Deputies spoke as if guided only by their consciences, free from party discipline.

In the present French parliament, there are five political parties excluding the Communists: the Socialists, the Radicals (middle of the road), the Christian Democrats (MRP), the Moderates (an agglomeration of conservatives, peasants, and independents), and the Gaullists. The Gaullists and the Communists (250 deputies) represented the Opposition to the Government; the other parties (350 deputies) provided spokesmen both for and against.

There was one moment when the entire Chamber rose to applaud, and many of its members wept. That was

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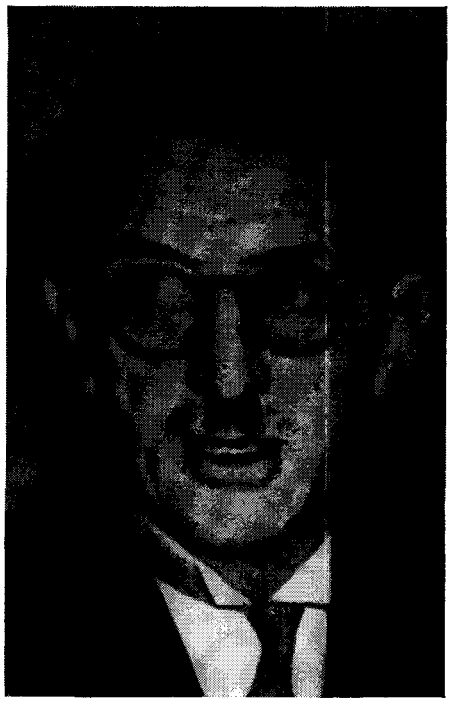
when a deputy who had suffered in Nazi concentration camps and who is destined to die of an illness within a few months was carried from the hospital to the speaker's rostrum. He spoke very briefly: "For two years I saw almost all my comrades die in the concentration camp. And we had sworn that those of us who survived would never allow Germany to rebuild its military force. . . . I will vote against any agreement that permits German rearmament. . . . I am only speaking for myself. Mr. Foreign Secretary, I am about to die. I don't want my sons and my grandsons to be drafted into an army that contains my own executioners. . . . I've carried out my mission; I say to you 'beware of Germany.' "

Then followed a free-for-all discussion in which all aspects of French policy, the Atlantic alliance, all French doubts, anxieties, and weaknesses, and the future of Europe were debated.

The greatest cause for apprehension and dissension was the uncertainty of Soviet intentions. Many Frenchmen are not convinced that the U.S.S.R. is preparing an aggressive war or that agreement with Russia is impossible. Many of the deputies asked that a renewed effort for peace be made before rearming Germany.

Monteil, a Christian Democrat who last year was Minister of the Navy, said: "Any gesture that might tend to aggravate present tension should be avoided; conversations must be entered into with Russia with a view to forming a unified, democratic, and demilitarized Germany." An independent deputy, Loustanau-Lacau, asked: "Are we going to provide the Soviets with an excuse for aggression? If they have no aggressive intentions, why tickle the nose of the sleeping bear?" Jules Moch, who was War Minister when the project for a European army was launched eight months ago and who is perhaps the strongest leader in the Socialist Party, said: "Some sort of agreement between East and West is possible and nothing should be decided about the German problem before the United Nations Disarmament Commission has finished its work." And Edouard Daladier, the Radical leader who was Prime Minister at the time of Munich, said he did not believe that the Soviets were bent on *military* aggression.

These feelings are shared by a large



Wide World

Jules Moch

segment of French opinion. Often the same people who are not convinced that the Soviets want war believe that the rearmament of Germany could bring war. Few people think that a rearmed Germany would join Russia in an attack on Europe. Rather they are afraid that Germany would be the aggressor. Their principal argument is that several West German political leaders, and Chancellor Adenauer himself, have already called for the return of the eastern German territory awarded after the war to Poland.

'Do We Need Germany?'

Needless to say, those French leaders who favor German rearmament have one overpowering argument: Europe cannot be defended without German assistance. It is this argument that, up till now, has permitted the plan for a European army to advance and be accepted by a majority. But there are people who are now beginning to ask whether it is not possible after all to do without the German divisions.

This suggestion came not from Leftist but from conservative leaders. General Billotte, a Gaullist, brought forward a new theory: "Is German rearmament really indispensable? Since the conclusion of the Atlantic Pact, the broad allied strategy implies the preparation in case of enemy aggression, of an allied counteroffensive on Eurasian territory with strategic air power and atomic bombs, while in the skies over America there would be a defensive battle against atomic attack, and in Europe the fight would be both in the air and on land. . . . The European battle would be fought with what is left when the other two battlefields are taken care of. In these circumstances, what is the use of twelve German divisions compared with guided missiles and radioactive barrages? The Las Vegas experiments have proved conclusively what can be achieved in a defensive war. We can therefore spare some of the forces we thought we had to use. Couldn't we start by sparing German land forces? . . . Are we going to decide on German rearmament with all the risks that means, when it will not be effected before 1954 and when, by that time, it may be useless?"

Loustanau-Lacau, an independent and a former officer on the French General Staff, said: "The idea of a European army is based on an obsolete strategy. What we need is a powerful airbase system from Amsterdam to Brazzaville, with reserves between the Maginot Line and the Rhine, and a close liaison with Great Britain, whose destiny is linked to our own."

The main argument for the European army went this way: If France does not bring the European army into existence, America will choose between two solutions. It will either form a German national army or it will abandon all plans to defend the soil of Europe. This is the thesis that Foreign Minister Schuman developed on several occasions.

He was supported by Pierre Teitgen, who was Minister of War two years ago and is a leader of the left wing of the Christian Democrats. Teitgen said: "The man who is speaking to you has seen American documents that describe the strategy of defense from the outer rim of Europe. Those plans are available in the War Ministry. . . . Do you know what the Americans expect to do in case they are forced to adopt this strategy? They expect to hold two bridgeheads in France for a period of ten days in order to evacuate 400,000 men and then prepare for a future liberation of French territory. . . . A vote against the European army is a vote for American withdrawal." And René Pleven said:

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"Even if the French Assembly defeats the project for a European army our allies will not abandon their plan for German assistance."

To a certain extent the line of this argument is weakened by the fact that the two alternative possibilities seem to cancel out. For while some say that the Americans would withdraw from Europe, others say they would create a German national army. These strong-arm arguments are too much like blackmail. In fact it was Monteil, a member of Schuman's party, who gave the clearest voice to this doubt: "Do people really believe that the United States would leave Europe to its fate? The United States is too deeply involved. America knows that the strategy of airbases would not be over-effective."

'Balancing Element'

Georges Bidault, Defense Minister, brought forward a basic argument in favor of the European army: "It is no longer possible for the nations of Europe, taken individually, to meet the terrible financial and material effort that the creation of a modern army requires." Yet in his speech a curious overtone crept in. He almost seemed to equate the United States and Russia, to suggest some eventual substitute for the American alliance—a sort of neutralism far removed from Bidault's personal thinking but which perhaps seemed necessary to win support from the Chamber of Deputies. Bidault added: "If we do not want to resign ourselves to permitting the fate of the world to remain in the hands of the two colossal nations we must do everything we can, and do it fast, to build up in western Europe what I may call not a third force, but a necessary balancing element."

It is true that the majority of French deputies favor European unity—that is to say the political union of France and Germany. But to arm Germany seems to some of them a sure method of sabotaging all hopes of a German democracy. Daniel Mayer, a Socialist who had just returned from Germany, declared: "Many youth organizations, many trade unions, most of the German churches ask us to help them re-establish democracy in Germany and they beg us not to rearm their compatriots. If it is true, as Jean Giraudoux used to say, that Germany is a people

René Pleven

composed of poets and devils, we must help the poets conquer the devils, and we must make sure that the devils do not invade the souls of the poets."

Mayer is against the European army. But Naegelen, another Socialist leader, who favors the project, was forced to recognize various recent disturbing accesses of German nationalism: "We are not blind to certain manifestations of this evil—the resurrection of veterans' associations, for example—and we regret that the Bundestag has thought it opportune to side with war criminals." At that point the entire Assembly applauded.

Frenchmen unanimously demand guarantees against these dangers, but here again they are in disagreement on method. Some say that the project for a European army is not supranational enough and for this reason leaves Germany with the capability of withdrawing its army from Europe's merged forces. But others criticize the project on the ground that it involves too great a cession of sovereignty and thus deprives France of freedom of action within the Atlantic alliance.

Daniel Mayer reproached the plan with "not being sufficiently European." General Koenig, a Gaullist, demanded "the establishment of a European confederation. Without such a confederation it will be impossible to organize an army." Jacquet, a Socialist, wanted the immediate institution of a European political authority and suggested "suppressing the intermediary stages and calling together immediately an assembly of the European nations." Coste-Floret, a Christian Democrat and former Minister, wanted to abolish the requirement for a unanimous vote in the Council of Ministers of the European army and replace it by simple majority rule. Jules Moch, on the contrary, was opposed to giving up national control over the French Army and asked for a long transitional period during which France would keep its army. Even Pleven, who was the author of the project, had entirely shifted his position and now wanted France to keep the right of withdrawing French contingents whenever it wished "without being obligated to seek the authorization of the European Commissioner, who will be simply advised of France's decision."

The Why: Indo-China

The truth is that this entire discussion, tumultuous and contradictory, actually represented France's widespread fear of German power. The reason why the French feel too weak to permit German economic and military dynamism is the terrible price they are paying for the Indo-Chinese war. Today there is no longer any possibility of concealing the extent to which this distant war is weighing upon France's policy in Europe. The financial burden, the number of officers and non-commissioned officers involved, represent an extraordinarily great handicap. In 1952, France will spend 500 billion francs for the war in Indo-China—that is to say about five times the amount of aid France will receive from the United States.

During the debate almost all the speakers at one time or another spoke of the war in Indo-China. Monteil feared that "while France is being exhausted in Indo-China Germany may be entrusted with the principal role in Europe." Devinat, a Radical, was convinced that "equal rights will mean granting Germany actual predominance so long as the best of our military strength remains diverted in Indo-China." Daladier asked: "What will happen to the balance of forces if we continue to allow ourselves to be exhausted in Indo-China?" And Edgar Faure, the Premier, made a promise that would be hard to fulfill. He said:

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"If Indo-China means that we must reduce our contribution to the European army, then Germany's contribution should also be reduced."

The Enforced Compromise

When it comes down to it, France would accept a German partnership only if it is guaranteed by the protection and the help of the United States; nor is France eager to enter a European union without Britain.

So many speakers refused to support the European army unless Britain comes in one way or another that Premier Faure finally took a stand which, if interpreted literally, would mean the rapid collapse of all that has been planned: "The less we apply any supranational schemes, the more we can hope for Great Britain's participation. I refuse to believe that Europe could be united without Britain."

Ultimately, in order to rally the necessary number of votes the Government drafted a very vague resolution that will leave the whole question in the air for the coming months. It was the Socialist Party that forced this compromise upon the Government, and, as we have seen, the Socialist decision hung on very few votes. The Socialists' hundred votes decide the fall or survival of the present Government.

This is a new situation. Until recently the Socialists took part in every postwar Government. But last fall they pledged themselves not to go back into the Government so long as the Barange Law for assistance to religious schools (which was voted at the beginning of the parliamentary session) is on the books. They don't want to leave the Communists the monopoly of defending the traditional secular state.

On the other hand, the Socialists usually support the Government because if they didn't the only other possible majority would have to be grouped around General de Gaulle. And all the parties, especially the Socialists, dread de Gaulle's accession to power. This curious situation will last unless, or until, de Gaulle comes to power.

The House Divided

Meanwhile the Socialists take advantage of their relative political freedom to criticize any part of Governmental policy that is unpopular. They constantly seek to become the channel for popular reaction. That is why they have campaigned for an escalator wage clause, against German rearmament, against the Indo-Chinese war, and for new talks with Russia on disarmament.

On the other hand, the Socialist Party is torn by its own contradictions and conflicts. There is a great gap between its Marxist and proletarian principles and its political clientele, which is composed in the main of the lower middle class, with only a minority of wage earners. Furthermore, since Léon Blum died there is no longer any unity in the party leadership. Today there are at least three or four conflicting factions. There are those, like Guy Mollet, who would prefer to go back into the Government. There are some of the most ardent supporters of European federation, like André Philip. The left wing, represented by Léon Boutbien, is tepid about the alliance with the United States.

The Socialist Party reproduces on a small scale most of the nation's difficulties and uncertainties. And the whole French parliament is greatly influenced by the Socialists because the position the Socialists take provides the key to every important debate. That is the explanation for the spectacle presented by the parliament in February.

In the immediate future there will either be a de Gaulle coalition or the Government will have to keep depending on how a very few Socialists vote.

The Stubborn Belgians

THEODORE H. WHITE

The express from Paris to Brussels speeds between the two capitals in three and a half hours—so swiftly that not until you step off the train do you realize that somewhere on the way you have skipped not only a frontier but a generation.

You step from the station into Brussels, and suddenly you are in another era. The streets are paved with rugged, bumpy old cobblestones; the sturdy old yellow streetcars you see have disappeared from almost all other western European capitals; the buildings, with their graystone facings and tall, narrow windows, are Victorian; the porters bustle with un-European energy; the servants at the hotels scrape low and smile as they did everywhere in other days.

For a traveler moving through Europe's sickly mid-century communities, the impact of the nineteenth century as it flourishes in Belgium has an oddly attractive flavor. Here, preserved in full bloom, are the industry, the vigor, the easy liberty that elsewhere are manacled in paper and regulations. On first sampling, an American finds Belgium closer to provincial America than any other country on the continent. There is no fuss, nonsense, or tangle of forms in money changing. Half a dozen old-fashioned exchange shops off the Place de Brouckère or the Boulevard Adolphe Max will buy or sell any currency in the world. Belgian newspapers are fatter than any others in Europe except Swiss—and their columns are crowded with advertisements of apartments to rent. Brussels stores gleam with shiny wares, and the

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people who sell them do so with a thoroughly commercial hustle. One senses at once that these are people who like to make money. And, looking around, one realizes that they have made it.

These traditional American virtues have not, however, made the Belgians the darlings of American foreign policy in Europe. Quite the contrary. The Belgians are the chief source of irritation and perplexity among the Americans who help run the Atlantic alliance.

This perplexity is reflected most sharply in the contrasting attitudes of the American soldiers and American diplomats who for six months have been wrestling with the "Belgian problem."

The Belgian Resistance

The hundred-odd American officers and noncoms assigned to the American Military Aid Group in Belgium are, quite frankly, in love with the Belgians. No other partner of the Atlantic community except the United States has so meticulously kept its commitments, so swiftly summoned manpower to the colors, so effectively transformed it into compact combat units. Only Belgium among the Atlantic powers has matched Britain and the United States in demanding two years of military service from its young men. From a nation of eight-odd million living in a land hardly bigger than Maryland, the Belgians have already furnished nearly one armored division and two infantry divisions (one in reserve). Three and a half battle-ready divisions will have been formed by summer. By fall they will be maneuvering in Germany while yet another will be on exercises at home. (The French, with a population five times the size of Belgium's, will have only ten divisions ready by that time.)

By 1954 the Belgians will have the full six divisions promised General Eisenhower, with a seventh deployed for internal defense. Nine Belgian airfields are ready for the use or dispersion of Allied squadrons in Germany. On June 1, Belgium will break ground for five more, making it the first nation to fulfill its major promises to SHAPE.

So admirable is this record of military achievement that the American soldiers who deal with Belgium bear a deep burden of resentment against the American diplomats and economists, who, while acknowledging its military record, nevertheless loudly accuse Belgium of being the chief free-loader of the alliance and the stubbornest opponent of our grand strategy.

The case against Belgium stands out most strongly when examined from Paris. There for a year American diplomats have been laboring to crown all policy with a real united Europe whose primary agency of common effort will be a European army; and in this undertaking Belgium gives them plenty of trouble.

The logic of the European army plan runs, very simply, like this: It is extravagantly difficult, if not impossible, to build up a defense against the Russians if Germany's full resources are not incorporated into the western effort. But giving Germany a national army and full partnership in the Atlantic alliance would be a perilous gamble, for the logic of geography and the German record of aggression make a fully independent Germany as dangerous as Russia. The solution, jointly worked out by French and American diplomacy, is so to scramble all the elements of military power and national sovereignty that Germany (like France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland) will be inextricably bound in a new community that can operate only within the framework of western defense. For the French, upon whom success or failure of the experiment depends, the degree of scrambling of national armies, budgets, and sovereignties is the precise degree of their guarantee against a resurgent Germany.

In this attitude American diplomacy has backed the French. Week by week all through the winter, however, this struggle to make a new Europe has become not only a struggle between France and Germany, as was expected, but a struggle between France and Belgium, with the Belgians resisting at every step each delegation of authority and sovereignty, every phrase that might loosen their control over their own purse strings by the tiniest degree. Wearily, one American diplomat summed up Belgium's paradoxical attitude to western defense, "The Belgians would rather put up any amount of men and blood than either money or sovereignty."

Another charge is made in Paris. The bookkeeping of Atlantic defense shows that while every other NATO country is putting out between ten and fourteen per cent of its national income for defense, the Belgians lay out only nine per cent. This proves, say the accusers, that the Belgian standard of living, the highest in Europe, is purchased at the expense of others. This only proves, say the Belgians, that the system of bookkeeping is wrong.

World of Giants

These flat contradictions do not flow from any dispute over facts or figures, but rather from a set of attitudes so divergent that they can be explained only in terms of history or morals.

The Belgians' attitude springs from a history that has taught them to look on the whole world with suspicion. Two different emotions produce this attitude. The first is a passionate devotion to a national system of private enterprise in a Europe constrained—by war, inflation, and disaster—to abandon that system everywhere else. The second is the instinctive fear of a small people caught in a world of giants, many of whose climactic battles, from Waterloo to Bastogne, have scarred Belgian soil.

When the Belgians speak of free private enterprise they mean just about the same thing J. P. Morgan would have meant. They believe in hard money managed by classical central banking; their National Bank, in which the government acquired a fifty per cent interest only three years ago, controls credit, reserves, and monetary policy; their businessmen are organized in interlocking trusts and cartels

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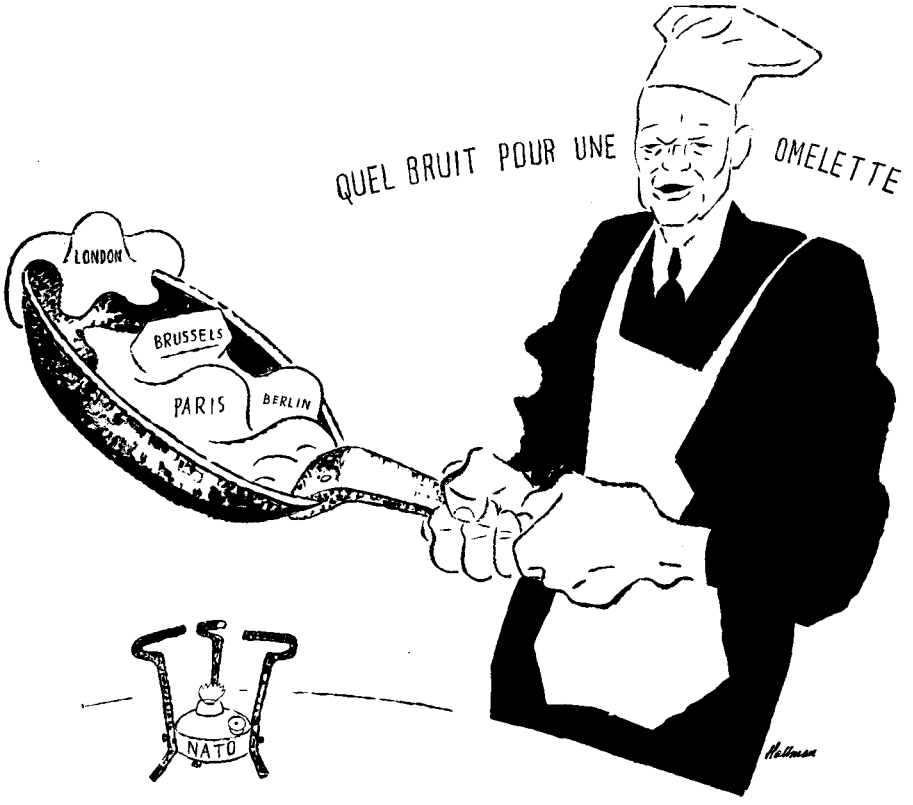
dominated by one great holding company. Along with this there is some unemployment (five to ten per cent of the working force), but many Belgian businessmen think a *little* unemployment is healthy.

One could almost describe the Belgian system as a museum piece except for one fact: It works. Like a midget with enormous muscles, the Belgian economy bulges out of statistical confinement. Last year, Belgium (with its little sister, Luxembourg) produced eight million tons of steel; Italy produced only two million and France strained to produce ten million. Though the Marshall Plan gave Belgium only $22.3 million of outright aid while spending $11 billion in the rest of western Europe, the Belgians boast the hardest currency, with the exception of Switzerland's, in Europe; they have found it possible to extend to the flabby giants that surround them $341 million of credit through the European Payments Union.

Alone among the continental powers, Belgium can boast that its workers enjoy a higher standard of living than before the war. Labor leaders proudly confirm this fact, pointing out that they give hard work in return for good wages, a procedure that has paid off in both productivity and politics. The Belgian port of Antwerp, for example, pays its dockworkers twice the wages of its great Dutch rival, Rotterdam (1,500 francs — $30 — against 750 francs a week), yet moves cargo over its wharves quicker and cheaper.

The Communist vote, which stood at ten per cent after the liberation, has dropped to 4.5 per cent and is still falling. Belgian thinking remains thoroughly middle-class. When other people talk European union, it looks to the Belgians like a thinly concealed grab at the fruits of their toil.



Business Government

Belgians explain their prosperity not in terms of world history but in terms of a bank report. Their government, they point out, had the courage to puncture inflation by a ruthless repudiation of its German-debased currency while the war was still on. It levied a system of taxes individually and totally approximating the tax burden in the United States. Since then, by a system of the sternest credit control and liberal trading policies, Belgium has choked off rising prices while whetting the workers' appetite for overtime by stuffing store windows full of imported Mixmasters, Toastmasters, and washing machines.

The present Belgian Government is an authentic mirror of this state of mind, a twin of the French Cabinet that Clemenceau devastated fifty years ago with the quip: *"C'est un Conseil d'Administration, pas un Conseil de Cabinet."* ("This is a Board of Directors, not a Cabinet.") The Big Four of the Belgian Cabinet are a Premier who is an expert on financial law, a Finance Minister who is a successful banker, a Foreign Minister who is also a successful banker, and an Economics Minister who is a corporation lawyer. It should be noted, too, as a measure of the Belgian psyche, that the important Ministry of Economics is officially styled the Ministry of the Economy and of the Middle Class.

This Cabinet has examined every approach to European unity with the cold eye of a lawyer studying the draft of a corporate merger. While meeting in exquisite detail every military deadline imposed on Belgium by the architects of Atlantic defense, it has haggled and argued, defending its budget and Belgium's sovereignty every step of the way, in slow retreat from an original position that would have made the plan of European union a meaningless document.

"Nobody cares much one way or the other about this new High Authority the European army would set up," said an out-of-office Belgian politician, "but if Belgium's going to be under it we've got to change the Constitution to fit. *Alors,* if you want to change the Belgian Constitution you must dissolve Parliament and elect a new one to consider the amendment. *Et alors,* if we hold new elections, most certainly the present Government will be thrown out. They have only a four-vote margin in the Chamber of Deputies, and this, I assure you, we will take away from them. *Donc,* the present Government wants a European union so weak that they will not have to change the Constitution, and thus not have to have new elections, and thus not lose their jobs."

Other voices would lead one to believe that the stubbornness of the present Government has deep, instinctive support. These voices, however, stress fear rather than finance. "Look," said a lady to me at a cocktail party, "do you see that stout woman holding the glass there? That is Madame Barzin. Her husband's father and mother were shot by the Germans in the First World War

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—do you think she wants to be partners with the Germans now?"

Behind popular opposition to the Germans is the feeling that Belgium's security against both Russians and Germans cannot come from a contract that releases the Germans into the custody of French leadership. France is too weak and chaotic, Belgians insist, to counterbalance the Germans. The British, with whom the Belgians are traditionally allied, are resolved not to come into the union and thus balance the Germans. Belgium's only promise of security lies in alliance with the United States; and, since Belgium is allied with the United States on a plane of equality in NATO, why, ask the Belgians, must they be forced to submit to inevitable German leadership in Europe if they do everything America asks them to do in the hard, cruel field of military defense?

As Others See Them

If to Belgians the map of Europe looks like a frying pan in which they are invited to play the role of a dab of butter melted to help cook the main dish, to the rest of Europe their country appears quite otherwise.

The Belgians, whether they know it or not, have lived out the 121 years of their national history in a world sheltered by other people's exertions. Sitting in the lowlands of Europe on a rich coal seam, clustered about the great ports that give the ocean traffic of the world its entrance to central Europe, they developed with considerable skill and ingenuity an economy conditioned by this geography. It grew not as an economy of finished goods but as one spewing forth semi-finished materials to its neighbors—steel bars and shapes for processing in Britain and Germany, unfinished gray goods and Flanders woolens for processing in France and Britain. Belgium was prosperous because it rested at the epicenter of that great coagulation of industry that reaches from England's Midlands through France's north country and Lorraine into Germany's Ruhr. When in the nineteenth century the pound sterling and other old-fashioned hard currencies made all the globe one great market, Belgium flourished. Britain policed Asia, Africa, and the seas at its own expense and the Belgians coasted after it.

When the old trading world dissolved after the Second World War, Belgium would have been left gasping like a stranded whale except for the vast infusion of American aid to Belgium's chief customers. Little American aid went directly to Belgium, but it went to neighbors who bought Belgium's products and paid in Marshall Plan dollars with which Belgium then bought foods, manufactures, and raw materials in the Western Hemisphere. This trading world continues only by the trick mechanism of the European Payments Union, offspring of the Marshall Plan, whereby Belgium still earns dollars and gold from its neighbors to pay for its needs elsewhere. Never, in that nineteenth-century world in which Belgium was born and in which its leaders still live, was Belgium summoned to pay a hard, cost-accounted share for the maintenance of the system that brought it prosperity.

Price of Comfort

In the present situation, both Belgians and Europeans look to America as arbiter. The sickly war-and-inflation-strained Atlantic countries make the case that the Belgians can afford more than they are contributing, while any further contribution from the others will result in disaster. The Belgians make the case that they are already contributing more than anyone else; that bookkeeping figures do not reflect the extraordinarily long service exacted of their young men in the army or their soldiers' low pay; that the huge credits they have extended to other Atlantic partners must be figured, partially, as a contribution to the common effort.

In the long haggling over the European army, American diplomacy has already forced Belgium, after many months, much further than its Cabinet had planned to go. The Belgians have preserved their right of veto over the total budget of the European army and of veto over the amount of their national contribution. But they have yielded control of this army to a High Authority whose name has now been changed to the uneuphonious word "Commissariat," and this commissariat will have the right to spend Belgian money or deploy Belgian troops where and how it sees fit. Forcing the Belgians further than this may backfire. The present Cabinet, if it were finally forced into a more sweeping delegation of power, would have to call a national election. Such an election, if fought on strictly nationalist-internationalist lines, might generate such bitterness as to poison any project of union.

The dispute about Belgium's financial contribution is, at this writing, only beginning. The club that American diplomats will use is American military aid. Our aid in tanks, artillery, planes, and trucks programed from 1950 through 1952 comes to a billion dollars—exactly the amount the Belgians have appropriated at home for their own defense. The Americans want Belgium to pay a larger proportion of the cost of the weapons it is now receiving. They do not seek direct payments in dollars but a bigger share of Belgium's small-arms and ammunition output for the other NATO countries.

How much or how little of this proposal the Belgians will accept remains to be seen. "We've been invaded so often," a Belgian lady explained to me, "that between invasions we like to be comfortable." The final argument with Belgium must, then, concern the exact price of comfort.

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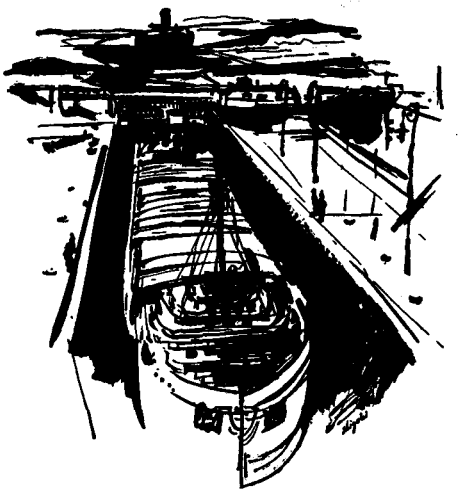

Canada Prepares To Go It Alone

WALTER O'HEARN

THE ST. LAWRENCE Seaway project, calling for both an ocean-going channel from the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes and a hydroelectric-power program, will wait upon the will of the American Congress no longer. The Canadians, whose Parliament voted last December to undertake the project alone if need be, may have been making a forcing bid, but it was not a bluff. They are committed to go ahead.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a moment of angry prescience, foretold this development eighteen years ago. "There is going to be a seaway just as sure as God made little green apples," he told a press conference in March, 1934, "and the President would like to see it done by joint action of Canada and the United States. If we don't go along with that, Canada has a perfect right to build an all-Canadian seaway and discriminate against us, if she so desires."

A few hours after Roosevelt spoke, the Senate voted forty-eight to forty-two for ratification of the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway Treaty of 1932, but a two-thirds majority was required for adoption. Neither Roosevelt's firm support nor the pliant mood of the first New Deal Congress had been able to sweep aside the obstacles in the way of passage. Those obstacles, then as now, included inertia and indifference as well as active opposition.

Even in 1934 the seaway project was no novelty. It had been under discussion since the turn of the century, and under active negotiation for fourteen years. The project has been recommended, as President Truman reminded Congress last January, "by every United States President and every Canadian Prime Minister since the First World War." As long ago as 1921 the International Joint Commission, a U.S.-Canadian body concerned with boundaries and waterways, went on record in its favor. All the governors of the State of New York since Alfred E. Smith have been seaway advocates. Roosevelt, both as governor and President, was always for it, and in 1941, when the Second World War had made U.S. and Canadian interests virtually identical, Roosevelt negotiated a second seaway agreement with Canada.

This agreement has received an unceremonious kicking around in Congress for the past eleven years. This year, backed by a strong message from President Truman, it is up for "last-chance" ratification. The Canadians will go it alone unless the Americans act quickly. In December, 1951, the Canadian Parliament set up a seaway authority with borrowing power up to $300 million to construct deep channels in Canadian waterways. The Parliament also voted an agreement with the Province of Ontario on hydroelectric-power projects. Ontario will furnish $200 million, and it is authorized to negotiate directly with an appropriate American agency willing to make a matching contribution and to receive matching benefits. The most appropriate agency is the State of New York, which would have to get the blessing of the Federal Power Commission before going ahead.

Irony and Open Doors

The recent Canadian action was taken with the unconcealed approval of the U.S. Administration, from the President downward. "We have already trespassed on the goodwill of our Canadian neighbors," Truman wrote Congress on January 29. Three weeks earlier, U.S. Ambassador Stanley Woodward had given out a public statement in Ottawa promising Administration support. Canadian procurement officials have been assured that Washington will help them in any troubles over priorities and scarce materials.

There is a certain irony in this situation. Back in 1934 the shoe was on the other foot. When the Senate jettisoned the 1932 seaway treaty, there were covert cheers in Ottawa. The Canadian Government was then headed by William Bedford (later Viscount) Bennett, and its Minister in Washington was Bennett's brother-in-law, William Duncan Herridge. Soon after the treaty's burial, Herridge called on William Phillips, then Under Secretary of State, and State Department archives

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quote him as telling the Under Secretary that "the failure of the treaty was received by all members of the Canadian Government with evident relief."

That was perhaps the natural reaction of a Conservative Cabinet dogged by depression and appalled at the rising costs of government. A broad vein of Scots thrift runs through the conduct of Canadian affairs at all times. Hundreds of millions of dollars are not tossed about lightly in Ottawa, even today. What, after all these years, has impelled the Canadian leaders to make what is for them an enormous commitment?

The best explanation was given by Clarence Decatur Howe, a shrewd, blunt Yankee engineer who migrated northward and became Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce. Last November 28, speaking before the Washington Society of Engineers, Howe said:

"Canada has let ten years go by waiting for the United States Senate to approve the agreement *'next year'* so we could go on with the job. Canada now finds the limitations of the present canal system are hindering the development of the Canadian economy to the extent that immediate action seems necessary."

He continued: "There is no lack of desire on the part of Canada to proceed with the joint project and the door will be left open for participation by the United States should there be ratification of the 1941 agreement early in the year 1952."

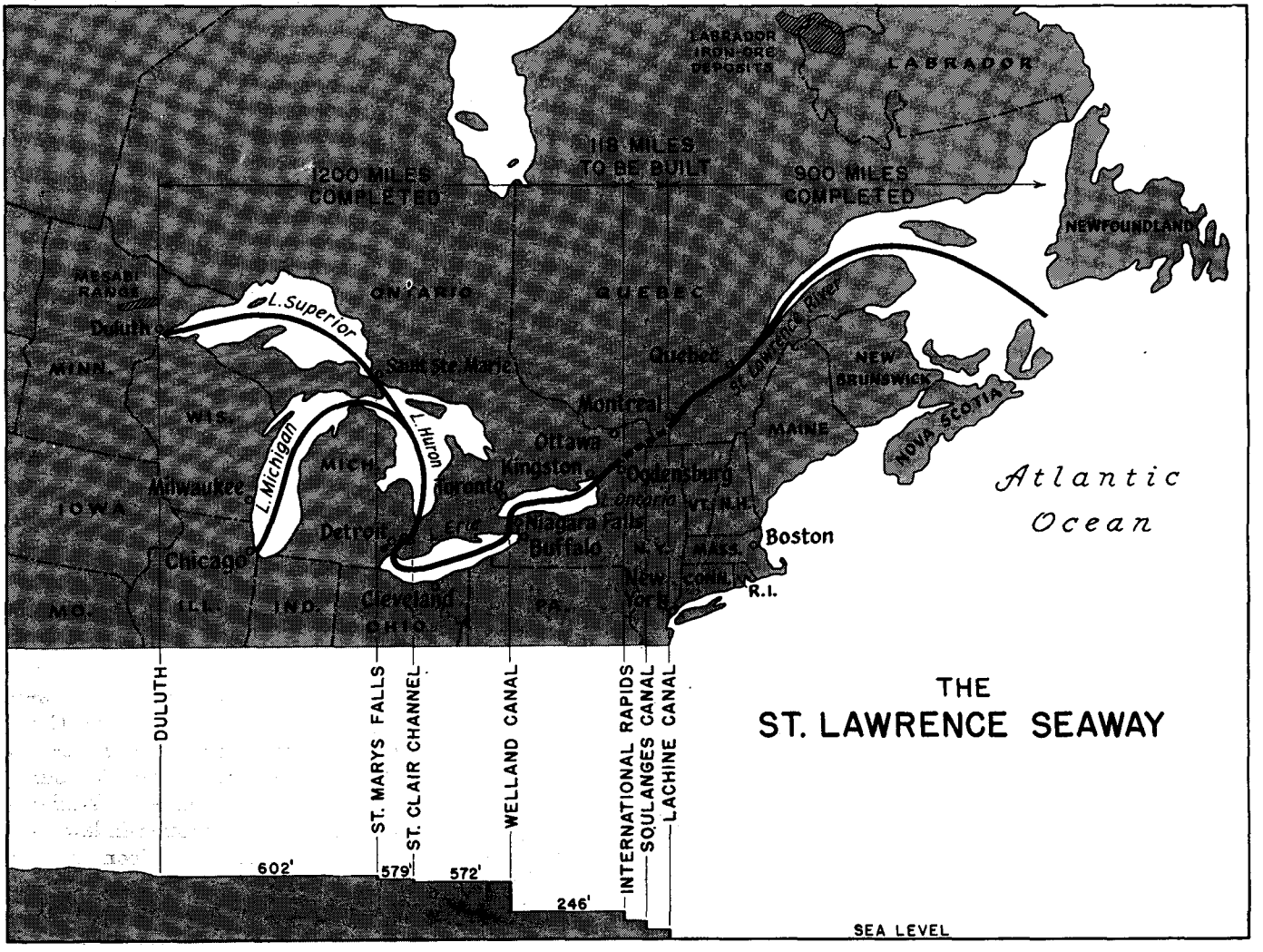
Opponents of the seaway take these hints and open doors as evidence that the Canadians are pulling a gigantic bluff. The fact is, however, that Canada has held off as long as possible and now finds itself at a point where it must go ahead.

In 1934 President Roosevelt could truthfully tell correspondents, "Canada doesn't need the waterpower. It has a lot of it." Since that time the Canadian industrial plant has increased about threefold; new and cheap power sources are a compelling necessity. Canada has held off this long because a joint project would save it a great deal of money. As things stand today, not even this consideration warrants further delay.

What Is It?

The over-all project envisions a twenty-seven-foot ship channel two thousand miles long, from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of the Great Lakes. Some of this work has already been done. Up to now, the United States government has spent $15 million on new locks at St. Marys Falls, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and $17 million on dredging the St. Clair ship channels to join Lake Huron and Lake Erie. These are *not*, however, full twenty-seven-foot channels. The Canadian government, for its part, has spent $100 million dredging a thirty-five-foot channel from Montreal to the sea.

The project voted at Ottawa last



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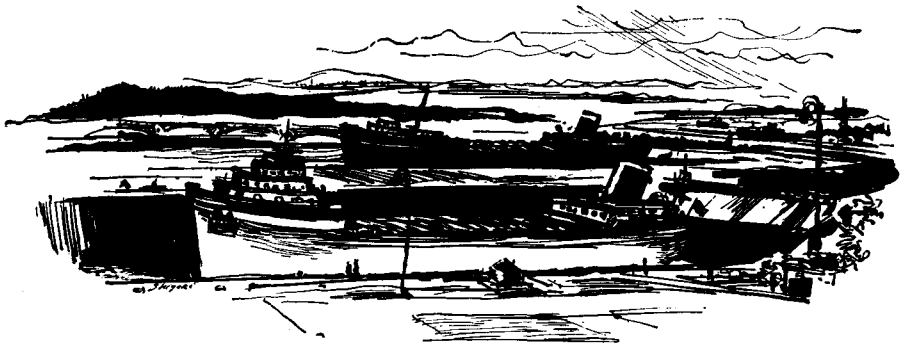

December has no direct concern with these developments. What it plans is a 118-mile deep-water channel from Montreal to Ogdensburg, New York, and ports on Lake Ontario. This is to be developed wholly in Canadian territory.

The three main points of development are the International Rapids section, which will cost at least $20 million more than a joint international route would; the Soulanges Canal project; and the Lachine project above Montreal. The last two are wholly in Canadian territory and involve the deepening or rerouting of existing fourteen-foot channels. Power projects in the International Rapids section are expected to generate at least 2.2 million horsepower, although some estimates go much higher. For Canada the cost of "going it alone" would be about five times what its share of a joint undertaking would be. This helps to explain Canada's reluctance to abandon the bilateral plan.

'If War Should Come . . .'

The best argument for the seaway on either side of the border is geopolitical. Last year the National Security Resources Board urged that the project be "initiated promptly and completed as fast as possible," and Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer told a House Committee that it was "needed as soon as possible, simply because only by means of the seaway could we, if war should come, safeguard an adequate supply of iron ore."

Lionel Chevrier, the Canadian Transport Minister, put the case very clearly in a 1950 broadcast when he said: "The newly discovered iron ore fields of Nothern Quebec and Ontario can be most speedily exploited only when the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed. For years the backbone of the steel industry in the United States has been high grade iron ores of the Mesabi Range [near] Lake Superior. The high grade ores from these fields are being rapidly depleted and that factor accounts for the interest in the fields of Quebec and Labrador, where upwards of 400 million tons of high grade ores have been amply proven." Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson is a convert to this view, although he opposed the seaway in his industrialist days.

What do the opponents of the seaway say in answer to these arguments? They claim, for one thing, that the technical processes for bringing up low-grade iron ores could be developed at a fraction of the seaway cost. They point out further that the seaway would be out of operation five months of every year because of the annual freeze. During these five months, they say, other forms of transport (meaning the railroads) would be compelled to take the load, after having been starved out for seven months.

But the anti-seaway argument which apparently impressed the Public Works Committee of the House of Representatives more than any other during its 1951 sessions was that advanced by Willis R. Bradley, a former Congressman and a former captain in the U.S. Navy. Bradley testified that the locks in the proposed system could be immobilized by Russian aircraft in the event of war. This prophecy served to reinforce sectional antipathy to the project and a general suspicion of foreign entanglements.

The Congressmen were also told that ninety-six per cent of America's ocean-going fleet is so constructed that it couldn't make economical use of a twenty-seven-foot ship channel. According to the shippers, the vast majority of American deep-draft vessels could use the St. Lawrence route only if they traveled light—at, say, sixty per cent of capacity. It is held that the ships would operate at a loss.

'Land-locked Empire'

Opinion on the seaway does not conform to the familiar contours of the Right and Left in American politics. However close the project may have been to Franklin Roosevelt's heart, it was not exclusively a New Deal baby. Calvin Coolidge was pro-seaway. The original treaty with Canada was concluded during the Administration of Herbert Hoover, when a like-minded Government was in power in Ottawa. Thomas E. Dewey, no less than his Democratic predecessors at Albany, is an outspoken seaway advocate.

Generally speaking, Republican leaders of the upper New England States have favored the project because of its power possibilities. In the Middle West there is some conservative opposition—the Chicago *Tribune* is against the seaway—but many Midwesterners endorse the view of the late Henry J. Allen, onetime governor of Kansas and later a Republican Senator, who prophesied that it would "free a land-

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locked empire for commerce overseas."

Selfish interests are active on both sides of the question. The pro-seaway and anti-seaway lobbies in Washington are just about evenly matched. The National St. Lawrence Projects Conference, which is anti-seaway, is run by Carroll Huntress, with some outside help from Gregory S. Prince, assistant general counsel of the Association of American Railroads. This lobby has the backing of the Eastern railroads, the Eastern Seaboard ports, and the National Association of Stevedores. At least one of the railroad Brotherhoods and the United Mine Workers are also disposed to favor this side of the argument.

The Great Lakes St. Lawrence Association, whose executive head is N. R. Danielson, speaks for Midwestern business interests and seems to be slightly better subsidized than the rival organization. Both the AFL and the CIO share pro-seaway views with Danielson's association.

The most picturesque opponent of the project in the Senate is Tom Connally of Texas. The Longhorn Democrat, in line with his recent tendency to kick over Administration traces, barked back at the President last January: "This is not the time to spend a billion dollars on something that will be frozen over five months a year and will be built on foreign soil."

There are many reasons for the now-favorable atmosphere north of the border, despite Canada's own regional shipping and business interests. The Canadians are convinced that the advantages of the St. Lawrence project to an expanding national economy will outweigh any temporary dislocations.

In the United States the picture is different, not only because the advantages of a seaway are proportionately less but because of a long, deadening tradition of apathy. For fifty years now the pros and the antis alike have tried unavailingly to stir up public passion in this debate. Public apathy always favors the advocates of things as they are.

During lean years the proponents of change have sustained themselves in the faith that their project was bound to come about eventually anyway.

An American President whose sense of history was fairly acute put it very neatly eighteen years ago, during that press briefing which failed to swing the Senate into line. "If one can visualize the whole navigation problem," Roosevelt said, "it is obvious that man is going to follow the lead of nature: whether it goes through today or next week makes little difference, it is going through."

Rural Electrification Becomes Respectable

MARQUIS CHILDS

The following article has been excerpted from Mr. Childs's book The Farmer Takes a Hand, *to be published by Doubleday and Company on April 10. Copyright by Henry Prentiss Childs.*

IOWA is inherently conservative, and it would be hard to imagine anyone more ruggedly Iowan than Ben Jaspers of Steamboat Rock. He sits behind the big plate-glass window of the Farmers Savings Bank, hunched over the desk from which he runs not only the bank and much of the town, but a great deal of the organized life of this part of Iowa. He is a Republican, and what is more, a conservative Republican. I would imagine that he agrees about ninety-five per cent of the time with the stand taken by the most conservative Republicans in Iowa's conservative delegation in Congress. Yet this is the man who has been largely responsible for pioneering rural electrification in central Iowa and for initiating the first generating co-operative in the United States. (There are other claims to being first in the generating field.) As for Ben Jaspers, he sees nothing at all surprising in this. He and the other farmers wanted power on their farms and they had to get it at a low rate. As he tells it, it is as simple as that.

Jaspers knew hardship as a boy. His father was a baker in north Germany who emigrated to an Iowa farm. Four years after Ben was born, his father died. During the next ten years Ben, an older brother Henry, and their mother operated the family farm four and a half miles northeast of Steamboat Rock. Ben went to the East Clay Rural School and a little later he was its first graduate to go to the Steamboat Rock High School. There were no consolidated-school busses in those days, and the boy often rode a ten-mile round trip on horseback across frozen fields with the wind fierce across the prairie. Working as a carpenter to pay his way, he went on with his education at Iowa State Teachers College at Cedar Falls and at the Central Iowa Business College at Marshalltown.

The Early Days

Jaspers had tried to get power for his own farm. He had been rebuffed, as so many others had been, by the attitude of the private power companies. When the opportunity of the Rural Electrification Administration came along, he was ready. Starting out him-

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self to acquire the first right of way of three hundred miles, he worked intensely hard for a nominal salary and with no expense account.

Someone had to do the job. Jaspers had become one of the incorporators of the Hardin County electrification project in 1937. Recalling those days, he says he was just about everything—member of the board, secretary, and temporary manager, working on the promotional and organizational end of the business. He served as project manager until 1944, learning just about all there is to know of the administrative side of the power-distribution business and quite a lot about the technical side. When the Federated Cooperative Power Association of Hampton was merged with the Central Electric Federated Cooperative Association of Pocahontas to form the present Corn Belt Cooperative, Jaspers was named to head the new organization.

Sure it's work, he says, and he asks his secretary to get out the record of his service as head of the Corn Belt Co-op in 1950. That record shows he gave sixty full days of service during that year. And this does not include part days, the secretary explains.

This conservative Iowa Republican recalls a visit that an executive of one of the private utility companies paid him about the time that Jaspers was advocating the necessity of starting a generating co-op in order to get power at a reasonable wholesale cost. There in the front window of the bank they had a talk that went somewhat as follows:

The UTILITY EXECUTIVE: Now you're being forced into this power-generating business, aren't you, Mr. Jaspers? That's pretty clear to me.

JASPERS: Yes, I guess that's about right. But who is forcing us into it?

UTILITY EXECUTIVE: You know very well who it is. It's the Rural Electrification Administration in Washington.

JASPERS: No, you're just dead wrong about that. It's you fellows with your two-cent rate that have forced us into it.

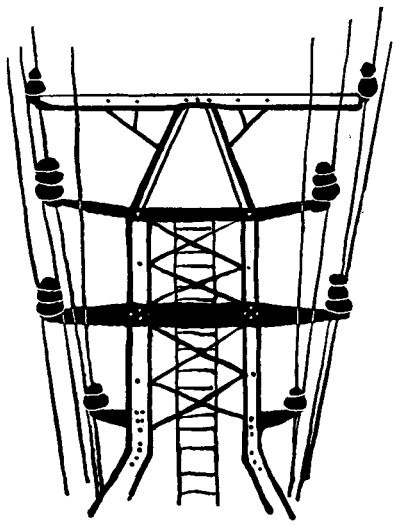
Wedding of the Wires

The wholesale rate when the first generating co-op was started in February, 1937, was as high as 2.8 cents per kilowatt-hour, according to Jaspers. Yet if you talk about "public power," Ben Jaspers is against it. Some co-op leaders in Iowa would like to see the government build transmission lines to bring power from the great Missouri River reclamation project into Iowa. Jaspers believes that a state-wide generating system is essential for the three generating co-ops now in existence, with considerable development called for in the future, such as a system to be linked in a sort of Midwest grid with Wisconsin's Dairyland Cooperative. Then that co-op grid would eventually be tied into the public-power net from the Missouri Valley. But in the view of Jaspers and the Iowans who think like him, the link-up should be through transmission lines built by the co-operatives themselves.

Whether the explanation is the conservative background or the pragmatic Jaspers approach, in Iowa a most unusual union has occurred between co-operative power and private power. With a $7-million loan from the REA, the Central Iowa Power Cooperative built a 40,000-kilowatt plant near Cedar Rapids. The co-operative plant is to be operated by the Iowa Electric Light and Power Company. The power being distributed to 30,000 Iowa farm families living in an area extending from the banks of the Mississippi River to within a hundred miles of the Missouri is carried by the power company over its network of 115,000- and 34,500-volt transmission lines.

At the dedication of the new plant in June, 1950, the "wedding" was hailed as unique in America's industrial history. Rex Conn, farm editor of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette,* described the construction of the plant as occurring "within the framework of two types of private enterprise organizations . . . with help from the United States government." J. S. Russell, farm editor of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune,* spoke of the union as "a degree of mutual confidence and cooperation which is a mark for everyone else to shoot at." Present as principals at this union were Fay E. Wilcox, head of the co-op, and Sutherland Dows, head of the power company and half a dozen other utilities.

But many of those who ate a chicken dinner in the shadow of the big turbine generator could remember a time when things were not so harmonious between the representatives of private and co-operative power. The old-timers in particular had not forgotten that one of the Dows companies carried the issue of the right of a co-operative to generate and transmit electricity up through the supreme court of the state. That is why even such conservative co-operators as Ben Jaspers are concerned lest the younger generation take it all too much for granted, because it has fallen heir to a system that seems to work almost automatically and seems to go along with the prosperity that is so fresh and shiny and new almost everywhere you look in Iowa. In the midst of this prosperity, additional uses are constantly being found for electricity. Some of these uses have to



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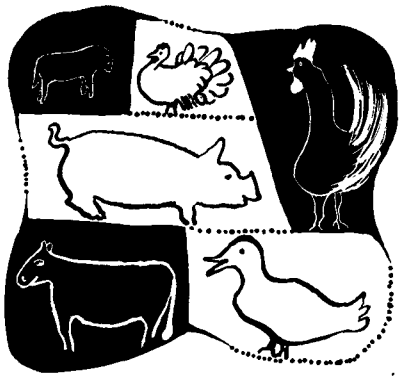


be explained to the greenhorn from the city.

Sows, Mink, Corn

The farm of Governor William Beardsley was one of the very first in the state to be electrified with co-operative power. The governor was also one of the first to use infrared lamps for heat in the hog houses in which his sows farrowed. Until the experimental use of artificial heat at Iowa State College, farrowing occurred necessarily in the spring, and if it was a late spring the likelihood was for heavy losses in the litters. These losses were both from disease and from crushing, as the sow, seeking warmth, rolled onto her young. In the modern farrowing house an infrared lamp is put up in one corner after the litter is born. Then a partition is so arranged that the piglets can get to the heat, but the sow is kept away, which means greatly reduced losses.

Electricity has been adapted to specialized uses that the farmer of thirty or forty years ago would never have dreamed of. For example, on the mink farm of Al and Joe Stuekerjuergen, power supplied by the Southeast Iowa Cooperative Electric Association does a variety of jobs. The nearly two thousand mink they kill annually for the pelts are electrocuted in small cages wired for a 220-volt charge, which brings death almost instantly. 'With two thousand animals, each in a separate pen, the problem of providing water was burdensome until running water pumped through a hydrant system by electricity made it comparatively simple. Both pelts and reserves of prepared food are stored in big electric freezers.

But mink farms are the exception. The rule is corn, and the power line goes into virtually every farm in Iowa to run machines both inside and outside the house—refrigerators, hay driers, milking machines, and grinders that were rare or nonexistent two decades ago.

If you want to know how a typical farm family feels about it, talk to Mr. and Mrs. John Buscher of Dundee. For seven years on a rented farm they had electricity. Buscher even had a radio in his barn. Then they bought a run-down place and began to build it up. It was three years before the Buschers were able to get a connection on the lines of the Buchanan County Rural Electric Cooperative. "You have to go through what we did to see what it means," says Buscher. "Why, it was like stepping back into the Dark Ages."

But the political challenge to REA is still lively in Iowa and elsewhere. The National Tax Equality Association continues to propagandize against all

co-operatives. Other active and well-financed organizations such as the American Progress Foundation work to brand rural electrification as "socialistic." Right in the heart of the farming country that has benefited so greatly from the program, a local Lions Club was duped into adopting a resolution approving an amendment to the Constitution providing that "the government of the United States shall not engage in any business, professional, commercial, or industrial enterprise with its citizens, except as specified in the Constitution." The members of the club appeared very much surprised when they were told that such an amendment would kill the rural-electrification loans, put the REA co-operatives out of business, and stop the sale of appliances by the stores in the town.

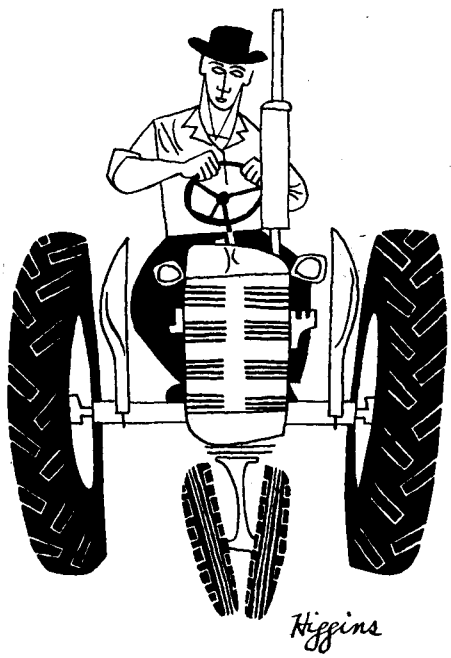
In neither Indiana nor Illinois have the distributing co-ops gone into generation and transmission. Relations with private power suppliers seem to be good. In Indiana this may be explained by the stick-behind-the-door psychology.

In 1949 thirteen co-ops in Indiana and one in Ohio formed the Hoosier Cooperative Power Company, Inc., which applied to REA for a loan for a generating plant. This was for a unit that with all substations and other essentials would cost about $50 million. It would be large enough to give all the co-ops a reserve of power and make them comparatively independent of the utilities. While the project has never advanced beyond the preliminary stage, the file of facts and figures is increasing in bulk and it could be pushed at any time.

Power Before Politics

There is no apparent co-ordination between the political conservatism of a state and the public-power issue, at any rate not in the Midwest. Thus Nebraska, which is certainly as conservative as Indiana or Iowa, is, by virtue of the adoption of a system of Public Utility Districts, all public power.

Everywhere the common denominator is the necessity for more power. In Minnesota, dairy herds are constantly increasing while milk regulations in the cities grow stricter. Such regulations mean the kind of handling and cooling possible only with electric power at low cost in volume. The argument over whether new generating facilities are necessary should long since have been shown to be utterly irrelevant. Yet it comes up again and again, as the co-ops struggle for what is today an essential of farm production.



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Who Says The Majority Rules?

CONGRESSMAN EUGENE J. McCARTHY

THE FIRST practical principle of government ordinarily accepted in the United States is that the law of the majority is the fundamental law of all. To quote Thomas Jefferson, "It is necessary in a democracy to consider the will of the society enounced by the majority of a single vote as sacred as if unanimous . . ." In accepting this principle, the citizens of the United States commonly believe that at some point in our legislative process each particular law has received approval by the representatives of a majority of the people of the United States. This is not necessarily true.

To become a law of the United States, any legislative proposal must pass the House of Representatives and the Senate, and be approved by the President. The framers of the Constitution never intended that the Senate should be a popular representative body, or that the will of the majority of the people should be expressed through that body. The Senators are the representatives of the states, and through them a measure of state sovereignty is preserved. Actually the forty-eight Senators elected from the twenty-four less populous states represent only 26,485,903 persons, or slightly less than eighteen per cent of the total population of the United States.

The Constitution provides for more direct representation of the people in the office of the President; yet the popular nature of even this office is modified by the provision that in addition to the Presidential electors granted to each state on the basis of population, two electors be given to each. As a result, the State of Nevada, with a population of approximately 160,000, has one electoral vote on the basis of population, plus two electoral votes on the basis of its statehood. New York has forty-three electoral votes on the basis of its population of 14,830,192, plus two additional votes—just as Nevada does—because of its statehood.

Thus a vote for President in Nevada is worth approximately six times as much as a vote for President in New York. It is possible to elect President a man who receives fewer popular votes than his opponent. In the 1876 election, Rutherford B. Hayes was victor on 4,033,950 votes, while his opponent, Samuel J. Tilden, received 4,284,885. Again in 1888, Benjamin Harrison, with 5,444,337 votes, defeated Grover Cleveland, who received 5,540,050. In the 1948 election, when Progressives and States' Righters each polled more than a million, President Truman received approximately 49.4 per cent of the total popular vote.

The House—Popular Forum

The authors of the Constitution did intend that the House of Representatives should be the popular branch of the government by providing that its membership be apportioned among the states on the basis of population. The House, in theory, is intended to be the instrument of the majority, and each member's vote is supposed to express the will of approximately the same number of people.

Through the method of cutting up Congressional districts known as gerrymandering, it is, of course, possible to obstruct the expression of the will of the majority, but ordinarily the effects of gerrymandering are temporary and limited. The popular character of the House has been destroyed by the failure of the state legislatures to provide for Congressional districts of approximately the same population and by the practice of electing Congressmen at large.

There are 425 Congressional districts. (Ten Congressmen are elected at large.) At present, some fifty of these districts have a population of less than 250,000 each and about fifty others have a population of more than 450,000. An average district contains approximately 350,000 people. Any citizen who lives in a district with only 250,000 votes therefore has, in relation to the national average, about one and one-third votes, whereas a citizen living in a district of 450,000 has about two-thirds of a vote. The discrepancies are even greater in some states. In Ohio, for example, the 1950 census showed that the Twenty-second Congressional District had a population of nearly one million people, while seven other districts in the same state had fewer than 250,000 apiece. This means that a vote in an Ohio district of 250,000 has four times as much effect in the House of Representatives as a vote in the Twenty-second.

On the basis of the 1950 census, 76,146,529 people—that is, slightly more than fifty per cent of the population of the United States—live in the 177 most populous of the Congressional districts. The 177 representatives of these districts make up approximately forty per cent of the membership of the House. On the other hand, the remaining 258 members represent less than fifty per cent of the total population. It is obvious that House members representing a minority of the people of the United States can outvote the representatives of the majority by a decisive margin.

The situation should improve when the reapportionments based on the 1950 census are carried out. As a result of the census, representation will be changed in sixteen states. In seven the number of Representatives will be increased and in nine the number will be

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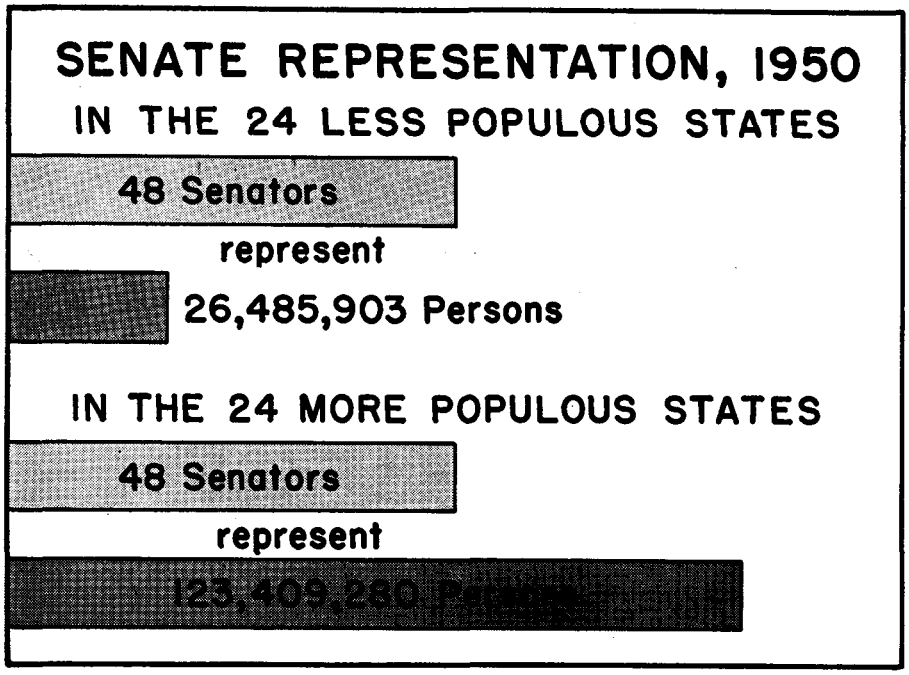


reduced. The seven states that will gain Representatives are California, seven; Florida, two; Maryland, Michigan, Texas, Virginia, and Washington, one each. The nine states that will lose Representatives are Pennsylvania, three; New York, Oklahoma, and Missouri, two each; and Arkansas, Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, one seat each.

Not all the states that must reapportion because of changes in their number of Representatives are setting up districts of approximately the same population. According to California's reapportionment plan, eight of the state's thirty districts will contain more than 400,000 people and five will contain less than 250,000 each. Maryland, which will have seven Representatives under the new apportionment, plans one district of 450,000 people and another of only 210,000. Florida, after reapportionment, plans one district of 514,000 and one with only 210,000.

It appears, too, that the practice of electing members at large will be continued in North Dakota and New Mexico, each of which elects its two members of the House of Representatives by state-wide vote; and by Connecticut and Ohio, which each elect one member at large, while electing other members on a district basis. There is, however, a possibility that Ohio may redistrict so as to eliminate the member at large. Both Texas and Washington have decided that the one additional Representative granted them in consequence of the 1950 census shall be elected at large.

There is no clear Constitutional provision for the division of states into single-member Congressional districts, but such division soon became the general practice in most states. All the apportionment statutes from 1842 to 1911 required each state to divide itself into single-member districts. This provision was omitted from the Act of 1929 and from subsequent legislation.

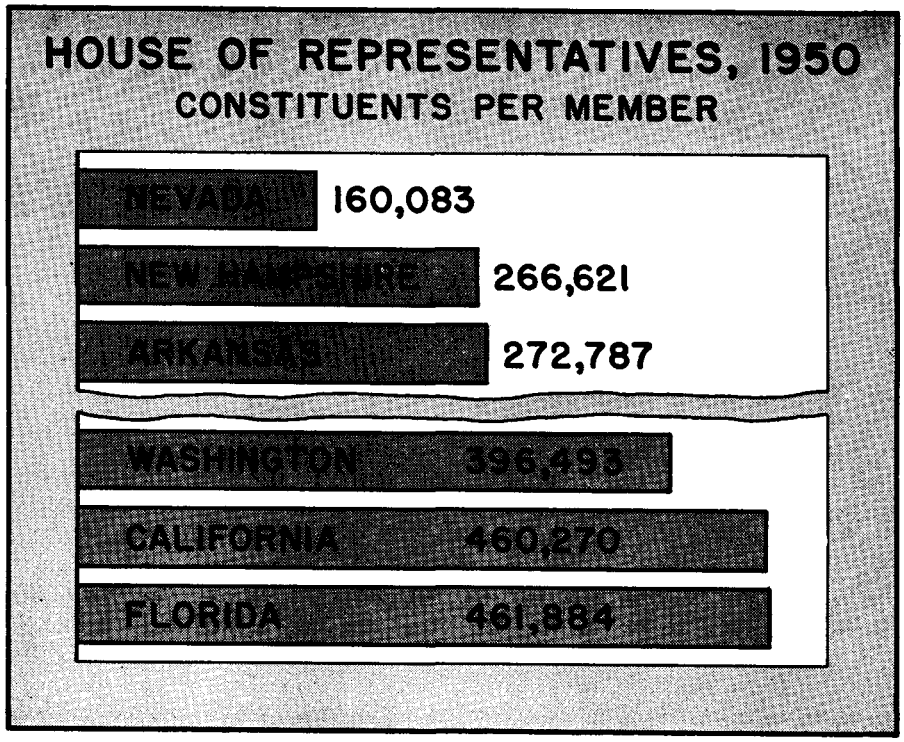
To establish the House of Representatives as a truly representative body, both President Truman and the Congress of the American Political Science Association have urged the passage of a law that would provide maximum equality of representation in the House of Representatives. To accomplish this purpose, three things are necessary:

That all the states establish Congressional districts approaching the national average of about 350,000 persons.

That these districts be made up of compact and contiguous territory and that clear cases of gerrymandering—the practice of arranging districts geographically so as to gain an unfair party advantage—be outlawed.

That in states which have more than one Representative, the practice of electing any or all members of the House of Representatives at large be forbidden.

Only if these things are done can the individual citizen in the United States be given the equal voice in the actions of the House of Representatives that the men who drafted the Constitution of the United States intended him to have. Only a truly representative House can ensure the expression of the will of the majority in our government. It is clear from the record that without such Federal legislation, state legislatures will not take the required action.



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How the Average European Feels About Our Elections

LOUIS DUVAL

EUROPEANS like to say that Americans understand little or nothing about European politics. The converse is equally true, and there is one thing in particular that few, if any, Europeans can grasp: the baffling procedure of nominating candidates and electing a President.

Since the United States has assumed a pivotal role in world affairs, U.S. elections have been followed with intense excitement on this side of the Atlantic. The Presidents of European republics, even when, as in the case of Einaudi of Italy and Auriol of France, they exert some real influence on public affairs, are only the republican counterparts of constitutional monarchs. In Europe everybody knows that the President of the United States is the skipper of the ship; indeed they know it too well, and fail to realize how his immense Constitutional powers can sometimes be thwarted and paralyzed by Congress. When the American executive branch, in the President's name, makes a promise hedged with the usual American reservations about Congressional approval, Europeans are apt to take it as a definite and irrevocable commitment. And then when Congress refuses to go along, Europeans get alarmed, as if there had been a rebellion against the established government. Some people ask themselves why the President does not resign like a European Premier, or call out the panzer divisions as a dictator would.

Truman's Popularity

This time Europeans are following the election with extraordinary interest—an interest that is riveted on three names: Truman, Taft, and Eisenhower. So far, no other candidate has made much of an impression abroad.

Perhaps Americans don't realize how popular Harry Truman is in Europe. Franklin Roosevelt was greatly admired; indeed he was, at one time, the beacon of all hope. But he was a hard man to size up, and toward the end of the war his bold, confident policy toward the Soviets created a great many misgivings. Nevertheless, when this gigantic figure was gone, there was a crushing sense of emptiness in Europe.

Harry Truman: '. . . belonged to a type that Europeans knew well'

Who was this man Truman, anyway? Nobody had ever heard of him.

Little by little, however, Truman's popularity started growing. Somehow the average European began to feel at ease with this average American. Even as a politician, he belonged to a type that Europeans knew well. By and large, the European politician is a man who has tried his hand at various things and, not having succeeded too well, takes a chance on politics. The report that Truman in his younger years had not done brilliantly in business endeared him to many. This had happened in Europe, too.

Then his courage came to be admired—his extraordinary courage in reaching sudden decisions. When South Korea was attacked, the European governments were plainly scared. The man in the street was scared too, and his reaction was instinctive: "The Americans must do something or else we are sunk." And Truman did something about Korea.

MacArthur and Truman

At a certain moment, the European had a new attack of jitters, this time about MacArthur. The European these days distrusts all generals indiscriminately. He may recognize that some of them are great men, even geniuses, but Europe has been blighted by too many self-styled geniuses during the last thirty years. And just when the European's jitters were worst, Truman fired MacArthur.

All the effort it cost Truman to put through Congress the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic pact, and the other measures designed to help Europe impressed the European, but not half as much as his capacity for making up his mind at the right time and just in the way the European had been wishing. The

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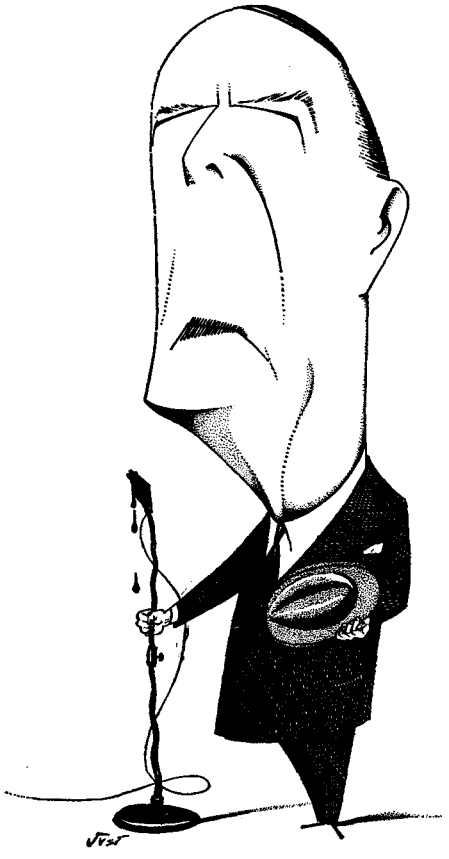
European was all the more impressed because he habitually criticizes the indecisiveness of his own government.

To make a long story short, Truman strikes the average European as a politician of a familiar type with one difference—in a pinch he knows what he has to do and does it. If a poll could be taken in Europe, the result probably would be: Leave Truman where he is as long as you can, please.

Taft and Ike

Taft, on the other hand, makes everybody nervous because he is known as the man who wants to pull out of Europe. This may or may not be true; perhaps Taft himself isn't quite sure. At all events, anyone can understand that cutting the expenses for European rearmament is bound to appeal to American voters. The fear that the Americans may leave is a nightmare not only for the average European but for the average Communist as well. Of course the Communist big shots want the United States to pull out and leave Europe to the tender mercy of the Russians. But among the rank and file, there are many people who find it much more alluring and profitable to be Communists under a capitalist régime than under a Communist one.



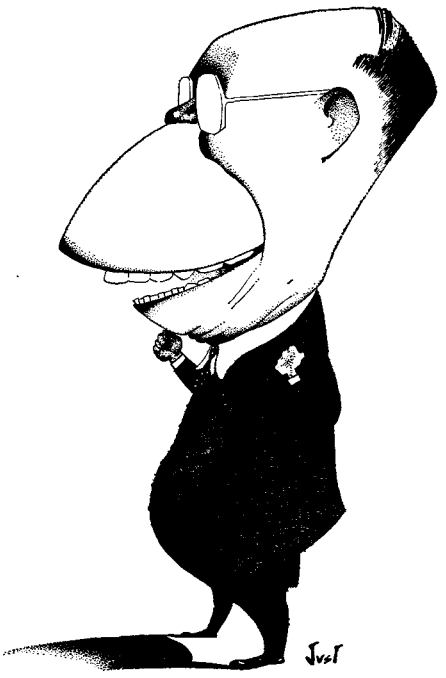
MacArthur: 'the European these days distrusts all generals . . .'

Eisenhower and Cincinnatus

Eisenhower's case is a very special one. In Europe Eisenhower is not a man but a miracle man. For a long time the war against the Axis was just one bad blow after another. Some say that the turning point was Stalingrad. Maybe so, but who in western Europe had ever heard of Stalingrad or could even now spot it on a map? For the Europeans, the turning point was North Africa, and it was there that Eisenhower's name became known for the first time. Again, it was Eisenhower who landed in Sicily and brought about the surrender of Italy. When he left the Italian theater, the campaign turned for a time into an uneventful grind of attrition. Next came the landing in Normandy, the liberation of France, the crossing of the Rhine—always Eisenhower. Attempts were made to build up other generals—British, French, or American—but it was no use. Eisenhower was the man—the only man who won the war, who never was beaten, who never lost his head.

Having won the war, Eisenhower went home and became president of a great university. This was a big surprise, since in Europe there is no glamour whatsoever attached to the position of a university president, or rector. It is a dignified position for highly respectable men with no political ambitions. In Europe we are accustomed to generals of an entirely different type: soldiers who, having won a war or thinking they have, spend the rest of their lives bothering their countrymen with their claims to homage and gratitude. Cincinnatus remains in European eyes the ideal general, all the more so because he has had precious few imitators. The Americans are really lucky, everyone said; they have generals who go back to the plow. Cincinnatus, when his country was in danger, dropped the plow and took up the sword. Eisenhower did the same when he was called to duty.

He came back to Europe quietly, without fanfare, set up his office, and started to work. Here was a man who had the greatest power, influence, and prestige anybody could dream of, and all he did was plunge into his job. At the beginning he could have whirled around, talking and storming, but he did nothing of the kind. The few speeches he made—one or two of them truly remarkable—were inspired by confidence in the European allies and understanding of their difficulties.



Taft: '. . . is known as the man who wants to pull out of Europe'

Slowly the public started realizing that the visible fruits of his tireless labor were soon forthcoming, and there was a new sense of security in western Europe. We were getting accustomed to having as our genial guide this modest, quiet general who knows so well how to win wars and how to organize armies when, all of a sudden, we heard that Eisenhower would run for President.

From here, it is hard to know how long ago people in the United States started believing Eisenhower would run. In Europe there was no doubt when news leaked out—nothing in this world can be kept secret for long—of what Eisenhower had said during the Atlantic pact conference at Rome. His words were not those of a general, not even of a General Eisenhower, but those of a future President.

The immediate reaction was dismay. What? The European army is just beginning to take shape and Eisenhower is leaving? Who will take his place? An American general, of course, but where find another general so unlike a general? Various men have been men-

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tioned, all able, but none of them has the magic of Eisenhower.

A day will come, let us hope soon, when the army will become a tangible reality and everybody will be able to see or sense its power. On that day the name of the SHAPE commander will not matter much.

Second Thoughts

When the dismay subsided, people started reasoning again: Eisenhower isn't going back to Columbia University; he's going back to become President of the United States. And after all, the President of the United States is the commander in chief. He'll no longer have to beg or persuade his countrymen; he'll decide.

Then an insistent rumor spread: Eisenhower doesn't really want to be President, but for fear of what might happen to Europe if Taft were to win, he has decided to run. Whether or not this is true, it cannot help striking the European's imagination. And so gradually he has come to hope that Eisenhower will become President. What are his chances? Shouldn't he go home and campaign?

Perhaps the man in the street would still prefer to see Truman stay in the White House and Eisenhower remain SACEUR (Supreme Army Commander, Europe). But since it is not certain whether Truman will run or whether he can win, people here would like not to take a chance. They would rather see Eisenhower President.

Perhaps it is time to close on a more sober note. Americans tend to consider the problem of European rearmament solely in terms of men, materials, and money. All these are important, but morale is even more important.

Up to a short time ago, morale, or, better, self-confidence, has been lacking. But now there is something in the air; one can feel the first faint stirring of a new self-confidence. Many things have held it back, chief among them a deep doubt as to the continuity of American policy. The memory of the American rush to "get out of Europe" immediately after the First World War still haunts European minds. Only very recently have Europeans begun to feel that the United States is irrevocably committed to play its world role.

It is hard to say to what extent Taft is an isolationist or which of his declarations on foreign policy are campaign oratory. Once in the White House he probably could not carry out the policies he is now advocating. American isolationism, like European neutralism, is a widespread state of mind springing out of deep nostalgia. Among the most subtle evils of our time is the illusion that we can return to the idyllic world in which the European nations were masters of their destiny and America was free from entangling alliances. But in our days, the most rabid European neutralist (unless, of course, he is a fellow traveler), once given the responsibility of government, could do little more than indulge in a few forlorn or foolish gestures and then revert to a policy of Atlantic solidarity. The same probably goes for Taft. There is no way back to the pre-Wilson era, when his father was President.

They Like Ike

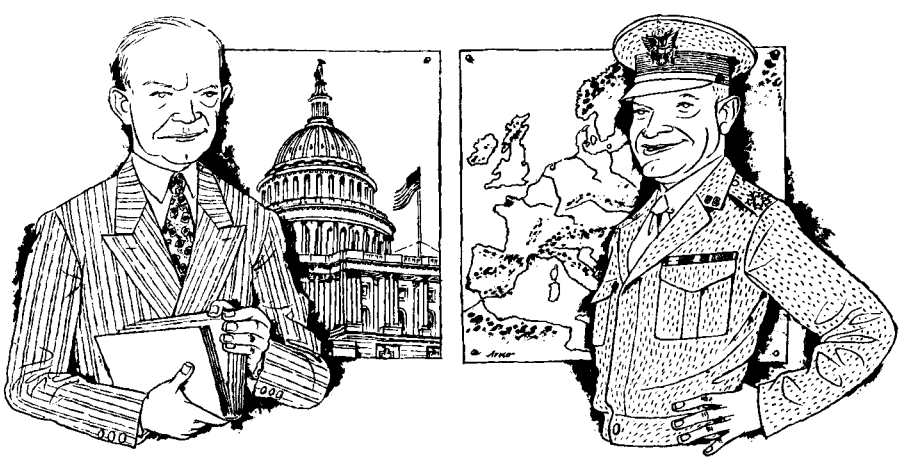
In spite of everything, the preliminary and hardest phase of constructing an Atlantic community is almost over, that is, unless a new man in the White House should retard it, even in

Cincinnatus: '. . . Eisenhower did the same . . .'

the slightest. And so—Eisenhower for President! Quite apart from his qualities as an individual, Eisenhower's Presidency would mean something revolutionary not only in American history but in the history of the relationship between the United States and Europe. It would mean a man in the White House who knows Europe at first hand and whom Europeans know.

That doesn't necessarily imply that the European leaders would have an easy time dealing with him. For Eisenhower knows exactly from his own experience what the European can be asked for and what he can expect in return.

In European politics, when we are uncertain about the wisdom of a given policy we have a rough but handy criterion—the Communist reaction to it. If the Communists object, it's good; if they like it, it's bad. Transposing this criterion to the American scene—how would Stalin like to see Eisenhower President of the United States?



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Our Most Serious U.N. Defeat?

RICHARD N. GARDNER

ONE DAY in January, as the U.N. General Assembly was preparing to pack up and go home, a group of newspapermen were sitting in the lounge of the Palais de Chaillot trying to decide what had been the most significant development of the 1951-1952 session. It wasn't easy.

Rather halfheartedly, most of the newsmen cast their votes for the East-West disarmament talks. One or two held out for the debates on Germany and on the admission of new members. Not one mentioned what future historians may well record as the most important development of the 1951-1952 Assembly. This occurred early in January, when a coalition of economically backward countries braved the opposition of the United States to ram through a little-publicized resolution.

The resolution calls for a new fund of grants-in-aid and long-term, low-interest loans to speed the development of those countries which are too poor to finance their economic progress from domestic capital and which, because of their backwardness, are such poor investment risks that they cannot now obtain foreign capital from private or public sources. It paves the way for the creation of a new United Nations institution—an International Development Authority—which could plan and execute economic-development projects on a global scale.

Enter Santa Cruz

The idea is not new. It goes back well before United Nations days and has been popping up with increasing frequency in recent years, both in U.N. debate and in recommendations by U.N. and U.S. experts. But it would still be just an idea kicking around in some U.N. subcommission if it were not for the fast footwork of Hernán Santa Cruz, the large and energetic Latin American who is Chile's permanent representative to the United Nations.

Some observers say Santa Cruz is angling for the Presidency of Chile, or a big job in the new development agency, if one is finally set up. Whatever his motives may be, the Chilean representative has been pushing for a bold approach to the problem of economic development ever since India's R. K .V. Rao, Professor of Economics at the University of Delhi, outlined the idea for an international authority before the Economic and Employment Commission four years ago.

Until now the United Nations has restricted its efforts in the field of economic development to a modest though still significant program of technical assistance. In the first eighteen months of this program, some $20 million was collected from U.N. members for technical aid in such fields as health, education, agriculture, and industrial engineering. It will continue on about the same scale in 1952.

Technical assistance can yield only limited results unless it is backed by substantial capital investment. It does little good for technical experts to draw up plans for improving health conditions, for example, unless someone is prepared to put up the capital to pay for hospitals, medicines, and the training and maintenance of qualified personnel.

In putting his case before the Assembly, Santa Cruz put particular emphasis on the following:

First, private investment has proved unable to do the whole job. Private U.S. investment has averaged less than a billion dollars a year since the war, and nearly three-quarters of that has gone into petroleum development. Moreover, the governments and peoples of the backward areas want these basic projects to be undertaken and carried out by themselves, not by foreign private enterprise.

Second, economic development cannot be carried out entirely by bilateral programs of American aid. The United States, it is true, spent some $250 million in the backward areas during the last fiscal year, and will spend $400 million more this year under the Mutual Security Act. But this is still below the sum recommended in the Gray and Rockefeller Reports—two official surveys intended to guide American policy in this field. It is far below the sum necessary to produce even a modest increase in living standards. Also, our military-

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assistance program has made it politically difficult for some governments to accept direct U.S. aid. The recent crisis over U.S. aid in Indonesia was a case in point.

Third, existing international institutions are not at present equipped to carry out the program. The International Bank has stressed repeatedly that as an orthodox financial agency it cannot finance non-self-liquidating development projects. Its president, Eugene R. Black, again told the Assembly this.

The Bogey: Congress

Despite the Gray and Rockefeller Reports, Santa Cruz's effort to get Assembly approval for a new development fund pitted him squarely and bitterly against the American delegation. The Chilean delegate complained to a reporter that every attempt to advance the project "was taken over the serious opposition of the United States."

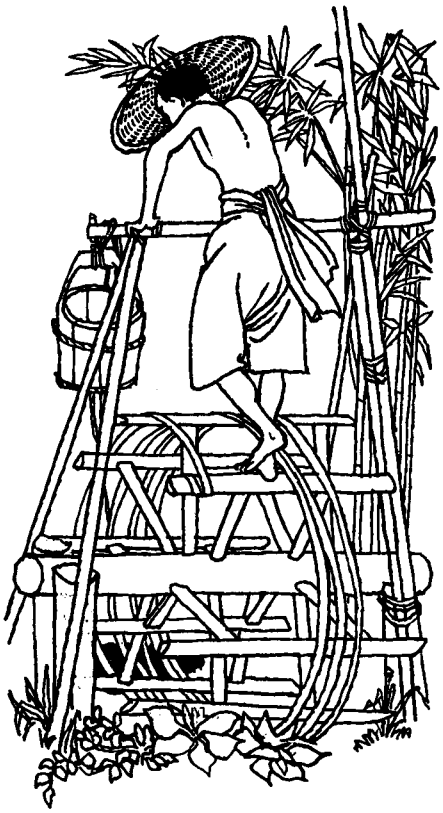
The explanation, of course, lies in the present temper of Congress. The same newspapers which carried inside-page squibs on the new development fund a few days later headlined Congressional plans to make drastic cuts in President Truman's $85-billion budget. In the trimming process, it seemed, the most expendable item would be foreign economic aid.

The American delegation had been aware of the gathering storm for some time, the U.S. representative having led the fight against such a resolution in the Economic and Social Council last summer. He was successful, thanks to the fact that the Council is composed of nearly equal numbers of economically advanced and economically backward countries.

In the General Assembly, where the backward countries outnumber the developed countries about two to one, things were bound to be different. In an effort to stem the tide, the United States chose as its spokesman one of the two Congressmen who had been sent along as members of the delegation—Representative Mike Mansfield, a tough-talking Democrat from Montana. Mansfield did not try to speak the language of diplomacy.

"As a member of the Congress of the United States," Mansfield said, "I am positive that I am correctly reflecting the prevailing opinion in that body when I say that the United States is not prepared to commit itself to any such action either now or in the foreseeable future."

It would have been difficult to put the American position more bluntly. But neither the unsympathetic attitude of Congress nor the prospect that, as one delegate put it, "a fund without funds" might be created, was able to move those representatives whose constituents were restless and hungry. To them, arguments about the absolute priority of defense expenditures were particularly unconvincing.



Almost to a man they backed Santa Cruz when he remarked that "ninety per cent" of the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Latin America were "indifferent" to the struggle against Communist aggression, and warned: "It is essential to attract that mass of the people who knows no party and which, moreover, will not be disposed to shoulder responsibilities and recognize obligations of international solidarity, so long as they do not see any sign of others acting in a similar way towards them. The battle, the true battle today, must be fought within the mind of each one of these millions of human beings in the backward countries, and so long as this is not understood by the responsible leaders of the great powers, the cause of the United Nations will be in danger. . . ."

When it came to a showdown, these arguments carried the day. Out of respect for U.S. opposition, representatives of the less-developed nations rejected a resolution that would have called for the immediate establishment of an International Development Authority; instead they asked only that the Economic and Social Council submit "detailed plans" for a special fund to the next session of the Assembly.

The resolution was passed by a two-to-one majority, although fourteen countries, many of them perhaps afraid of antagonizing their rich Uncle, abstained. It was the least-publicized setback, and to many delegates' way of thinking the most deserved, that the United States suffered in the entire session.

U.S. Arguments

During the closing days of the Assembly I spent some time discussing the reasons for this defeat with members of the U.S. delegation. Their arguments gave me the impression that the weakness of the American stand was partly due to the fact that many of our representatives more or less agreed with the opposition.

One argument, advanced privately by U.S. delegates as the debates progressed, concerned the "irresponsibility" of many of the countries sponsoring the fund whose governments showed no inclination either to make real sacrifices to finance the program or to carry out the domestic reforms needed to assure its success.

As a statement of fact, this charge is hard to dispute. Some of the Latin-American countries that talk the loudest have been the slowest to make their small contributions to the existing program. Many have never authorized the International Bank to use the subscriptions that they previously pledged in local currency. Most significant of all, they have been slow to take steps to restrain luxury spending at home and to use their resources for projects of public importance.

Whether this is an effective argument is a different question. If no outside pressure is brought on these governments, the existing evils will surely be perpetuated. If pressure is brought

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by the United States alone, it is likely to cause resentment and ill will. The United States has already discovered how unwilling certain Middle Eastern countries are to subscribe to even the most modest "conditions" on bilateral aid. One reason for the enthusiastic support of an international development plan by the governments of Yugoslavia and India is a similar reluctance to take needed aid directly from the United States.

Some of the men who seek to explain American policy toward the new development fund have a second defense: That the creation of such a fund would somehow benefit the members of the Soviet bloc. Although the Soviets would necessarily be outnumbered on any administering board, there is of course no guarantee that Russia or its satellites would not be given help.

Perhaps we have already reached the point, as this argument suggests, where the United States must oppose any idea, no matter how good, that may possibly give aid or comfort to the Soviet Union. Even if this is correct, the objection still seems untenable. The Soviet bloc has refused to take any part in the already-established U.N. technical-assistance program. It has not received loans from the International Bank in recent years. Two main reasons for this attitude are the unwillingness of the Soviet-bloc nations to supply information about domestic economic conditions and their refusal to permit the entry and maintenance of foreign technicians.

The recent Assembly debates on the fund, far from eliciting Soviet enthusiasm, revealed considerable apprehension in the eastern bloc over the idea. A. A. Arutiunian, a Soviet delegate, charged that an International Development Authority would mean the creation of an "international economic protectorate" over the backward areas. But, he quickly added, all the talk about the new fund was so much "altruistic phraseology." The Americans would never support it, he said, since it was in their interest to preserve the backwardness of those areas where American "monopolists" derive the greatest profit. Listening to the speeches of Representative Mansfield, the delegates from some of these countries could hardly be blamed for concluding that Arutiunian was right.

Getting Around Congress

The third and usually final justification for the American stand on international development is in a sense the most difficult to counter. The present Congress, the argument runs, will not be willing to support a new United Nations development fund; therefore, to start planning for one now can only create disillusionment in the areas which expect assistance.

The force of this argument would be greater if the Assembly had been asked to set up an international authority right away. The Allied nations started planning for postwar economic co-operation before the war ended; by the same logic, it is reasonable to have machinery ready a few years hence when, as all hope and expect, the pace of rearmament slackens. Moreover, the Congress that is now being "antagonized" is not being asked for funds. It seems unnecessarily defeatist to assume that the next Congress cannot be won over when and if the time comes for substantial U.S. contributions.

Finally, even if one grants the difficulty of achieving a considerable increase in the volume of American aid to the backward areas now, there remains the possibility of channeling more of the aid presently available through international rather than national agencies. Proponents of the new U.N. fund estimate its first-year needs in the neighborhood of $500 million. If we contributed sixty per cent (the rate at which we now contribute to U.N. technical assistance), the American share would be $300 million. This sum could be raised by diverting part of the present bilateral-aid funds.

A major opponent of this solution, besides Congress, may be the State Department. Within the department, the Bureau of United Nations Affairs is not in a strong bargaining position when competing for funds with the various area divisions. Foreign-service representatives in the field want to dispense American assistance themselves, and recent events have not convinced them that they should yield some of the U.S. power and prestige so gained to the United Nations.

If the American delegation maintains its present position when the Economic and Social Council meets soon to frame plans for the new development fund, two equally unfortunate outcomes are possible: We may, by brandishing our military and economic power, succeed in destroying the project. Such a Pyrrhic victory would cause immense resentment in the backward areas. Or we may wean some of the important western powers away from the plan, leaving some of its less-responsible supporters to go ahead without a restraining hand.

It is clear that the Administration will soon have to decide whether it really believes in the principles enunciated by President Truman at his inauguration three years ago when he called for the economic development of the backward areas by means of "a co-operative enterprise in which all nations work together through the United Nations." To many representatives of the backward areas, the recent position of the United States represents a repudiation of the Point Four ideal.

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The Ugly Face Of Violence

SANTHA RAMA RAU

In the spring of 1946 I was working for a Bombay magazine called *Trend,* subtitled (with the hope of attracting a larger audience) *The National Pictorial.* The summer after I was graduated from Wellesley and returned to Bombay, Sharouk Sabavala and another friend, Frene Talyarkhan, a competent and determined girl who had started the magazine, asked me to join their staff.

I accepted at once and with some excitement because this was the first "real" job I had ever had. My only other job had been with the Office of War Information during vacations, and that had seemed to me anything but "real" from the beginning. I was, besides, rather impressed with my new title, Associate Editor. Actually that meant very little, because apart from two photographers and the stenographer who appeared on the masthead as Editorial Assistant, the editorial staff included only Editor-in-Chief Frene, Sharouk, a slight, quiet young man who was the managing editor and was also supposed to understand the business end of the magazine, and me.

The three of us did all the writing for *Trend* except the book reviews, which were handled by John Rowdon, a young Englishman of considerable charm and talent. I thought his work was the best in the magazine, but at that time, although he was a friend of all of us, the feeling between the British and the Indians as a whole was pretty tense, and John used to sign his reviews only with his initials.

Deficits and Dreams

The *Trend* office, with all its disadvantages of stuffiness and noise, was at least cozy. We had one room on the second floor of a good building in the center of the business section of the city. We had partitioned this into two smaller sections. In the half without windows sat the accountant-circulation manager and an office boy surrounded by files and reference books. In the half with the windows, Frene, Sharouk, the stenographer, and I had our desks, and since this arrangement left room for only one extra straight chair, we could never have more than one visitor at a time.

Frene had to see important clients at the Taj Majal Hotel. We shared our telephone with the man in the next office. A small hatch had been cut in the wall, and the telephone sat in it, and while this left neither office much privacy, at least our phone bill was smaller that it would otherwise have been.

Of course the magazine was constantly in debt, and friends and families were called on for assistance. We had bullied as many people as we knew into taking annual subscriptions, but that didn't nearly meet our costs. Our advertising manager (part-time) tried his best to make up the deficit, but a circulation of 2,500 was not much to offer prospective clients.

In spite of the rather limited scope of *Trend,* my job there was as pleasant as any I could hope for. Between stories we used to chat and drink coffee and plan spectacular issues once the magazine was out of the red, and after every issue we would make firm resolutions to get the next one out on time —well, if not on time, at least not more than a week late.

The Sailors' Strike

The morning of the day on which the Indian naval enlisted men went on strike, my father and I left the house, as usual, in his car. As usual he had read the *Times of India* all through breakfast, and in the car on the way to his

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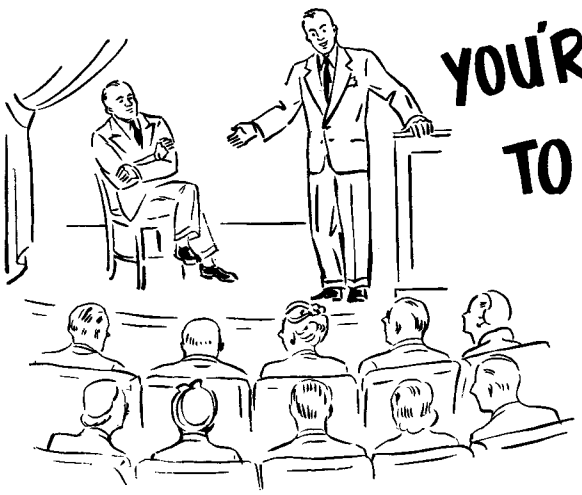

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The Reporter

220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

office he read the Bombay *Chronicle*, and handed me the *Times*. Both papers were full of the news that the sailors were protesting the discrimination in pay, food, and treatment between them and their British colleagues. That morning they were to hold a parade through the streets of Bombay.

In those days the struggle for independence was reaching its last stages, and tempers were taut all over India. One never knew when a relatively minor grievance might snap into widespread rioting. In the bigger cities, bands of *goondas* (unemployed looters) would attach themselves to any cause or disturbance and turn it into a mob action, attacking Indians and Britishers alike. But we had no way of knowing that the naval strike would serve as a suitable springboard.

Ominous Quiet

As usual my father left me at the *Trend* office with his daily formula of "Pick you up at five-thirty." The early part of the morning was quiet—a little too quiet. Frene had gone out to see someone and had taken one of the photographers with her. The rest of the staff, with the exception of Sharouk and Samel, the other photographer, had not come to work at all. They lived in the suburbs, where apparently the underground vibrations of trouble were felt sooner and more accurately. Someone phoned up from our printers in Kalbadevi and said that there, too, work had stopped.

Sharouk, Samel, and I sat about gossiping. At about ten o'clock we thought we might ask the elevator operator to order us some coffee from the restaurant downstairs, but we discovered that he had left the building too, and the elevator stood empty at the ground floor, with its light on and the doors open. The restaurant hadn't opened that day at all. The J. Walter Thompson advertising agency had offices across the hall from us. Its receptionist told us that all the Thompson employees had been given permission to go home, because the office was closing for the day.

The building was strangely quiet that morning, so we heard the commotion of feet and voices when it first began on the stairs. Fists banged on doors, there was the sound of breaking glass, and then the voices were on our floor and hands were hammering on the doors of

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J. Walter Thompson. We listened tensely, but there was no further sound. Either the J. Walter Thompson people had managed to get out or they were sitting silently in their rooms behind locked doors.

Visitation of the *Goondas*

A couple of minutes later the *goondas* reached our office. Five or six young men wearing loose white pajamas and white shirts pushed in. The one in front must have been in his early twenties; the rest were not much more than boys. We stared at each other.

Samel, who had been sitting on Frene's desk and fiddling with his camera, was the first to move. He slithered off the desk and stood up. Then one of the boys at the back of the group in the door pushed forward to get in the room. The oldest one asked, "What office is this?"

Sharouk said, "*Trend* magazine."

"Do you work for the British?"

"No, of course not. We run the magazine ourselves."

There was more shuffling in the rear. "Do you employ any Britishers?"

"No."

There was a pause. The boys looked vaguely disappointed. Then one of them said, "How do we know you don't work for the British?"

"Well, we don't."

"But how do we know?"

Samel picked up a letterhead from Frene's desk and took it over to the group. "Look," he said, pointing to the red-and-black type. "It says *Trend, The National Pictorial.* National, do you understand?"

The boys peered over each other's shoulders, shoving to see the piece of paper.

Samel said with conviction, "Would any British magazine call itself National?"

I wondered nervously whether any of them could read, and even if they could, whether they could make out the English letters. It didn't occur to me until afterwards that "national" might not be close enough to "nationalist" to convince them.

The group seemed undecided. Samel picked up some more sheets of paper. "Here," he said grandly, "I'll give each of you one to look at."

As he was handing out the letterheads, somewhere in the building a door slammed. The boys turned at once, and, shouting and pushing, rushed toward the sound. We watched them sprint up the steps by the elevator waving the *Trend* letterheads.

"What," I asked Samel, "would they have done if we had employed Britishers?"

"Oh, broken the place up, probably," he said casually.

"Well," I said, "I suppose we had really better go home now."

But by then it had become impossible to leave the building. Through the windows we could hear the gathering sound of shouting crowds from Hornby Road, the main road that runs through the business section of Bombay and crosses Pherozeshah Mehta Road, where our office was. The sailors' parade was passing, and from there the trouble spilled outward until most of our section of the city was involved. A couple of trucks full of policemen hurtled down our road toward the swelling noise. Shops had slammed their shutters across show windows. Traffic had stopped. There were no people on the street. Such emptiness in the bright sunlight was far more ominous than the distant noise.

When our office door closed sharply, we all turned from the windows at once. John Rowdon walked in, carrying a large envelope and looking rather peeved.

"Do you know," he said, "someone threw a brick at me!"

There was silence for a couple of seconds, and then Sharouk began to laugh. I said, "My God, John, what are *you* doing out today?"

"Well," he replied reasonably, "I brought my book reviews over," and

with some annoyance, "and as I was walking here someone chucked a brick at me."

"But there's a riot on."

"Oh?" he said vaguely, "What about? I haven't seen today's paper."

"It's the sailors' strike, but it's going to turn into a riot. Didn't you notice the crowds on Hornby Road?"

John said crossly, "There are always crowds on Hornby Road."

The Mob Takes Over

He came over to join us at the windows just as more trucks raced along the road. Gradually from the bazaars, the docks, and the narrow side alleys people were pouring into our road. They looked much like any Indian crowd, dressed mostly in white dhotis or pajamas. The glistening black heads and the brown limbs clotted together in couples and groups and finally a surging crowd. Some carried the Congress tricolor; others had sticks and stones. The shouts and slogans were indistinguishable in the general noise as the crowd moved toward Hornby Road, but we could tell the change in tone when the policemen returned to meet this mob on our road.

The movement of the crowd slowed slightly, and suddenly a couple of the cars parked along the curb were on fire. I discovered then that one of the first things that happens when a car burns is that the horn short circuits. All through the rest of that morning the noise of the riots was cut from time to time by the screaming of car horns.

The pressing of the crowd stopped unexpectedly because the policemen at the far end of the street had set up machine guns across the road and had fired a couple of rounds at the ground

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in front of the people. At the corner of our block there was a sudden fountain of excitement. Some of the men had broken into a bank, and in a weird, incredible scene were standing on the window ledge flinging currency out to the crowd. Five- and ten-rupee notes fluttered about. People were laughing and grabbing at them. Samel turned from beside me and reached for his camera. Sharouk phoned a friend of his on a newspaper and came back with the rumor that the sailors had seized control of the vessels in Bombay harbor, trained the guns on the city, and announced that unless their grievances were redressed they would open fire.

Exploding Soda

It was just about then that a truck loaded with bottles of soda came down the street. Why the policemen let it through I shall never understand, but one of them, an Anglo-Indian in a white uniform and sun helmet, had jumped on a running board to escort the driver through the mob.

With a ghastly sense of anticipation I knew what was about to happen. Of course the crowd stopped the truck, and the driver, terrified, ducked under the steering wheel. Within a few seconds there were people climbing all over it. Cases of soda were distributed among the crowd, and immediately the real action started. It is extraordinary how much damage an exploding bottle of soda can do. Glass crashed against buildings and on the pavements; windows shattered; people twisted away from the explosions with torn faces and bloody clothes.

The Anglo-Indian policeman was lynched. It seemed to happen quite slowly. He had tried to back away from the truck toward the police line with his revolver in his hand. When the first soda bottle hit the road just in front of him, he fired at the crowd. He held his revolver low, aiming at the legs of the people. The noise had suddenly dropped alarmingly; there was not the menacing roar one had vaguely imagined from a scene of violence, but the crowd advanced steadily toward the isolated figure.

He was almost directly under our window when he ran out of bullets. We all heard quite distinctly the flat clicking of the hammer as he jerked on the trigger. Everyone must have realized at almost the same second that he hadn't a chance. Panic gripped him like a fit of malarial shivering. We saw his contorted face as he turned to run, the pale brown knees churning under the white drill shorts. But the crowd, with a sound that was almost like a gasp of relief, was on him at once and literally tore him to pieces.

We all moved away from the window with a frightened sort of calmness as the noise from the street swelled again.

"We've got to get out of here," I said at last, thinking foggily that they might decide to search the building again.

Samel said something about pictures. Sharouk, John, and I walked down the deserted, silent corridor to the stairs. The lobby was crowded. People had dragged the wounded and bleeding men from the street, and they lay moaning on the stone floor with their heads covered. A number of other people had crowded in. Leaning against one wall were two policemen.

Rather hysterically I shouted to them, "Why don't you *do* something? Why don't you take these men to hospital?"

One of the policemen looked at me with considerable amusement. He nodded toward the crowd outside the iron grille. "For fifty rupees a month would you go out in that?"

The Escape

We found Sharouk's mother's chauffeur crouching in a corner of the lobby. "We are going home," Sharouk said. "Where is the car?"

The chauffeur looked doubtfully at John and said slowly, "In the alley."

Behind the office building there was a narrow crescent of an alley that opened at both ends into Pherozeshah Mehta Road. There we got into the car. Sharouk and I sat in the back. John looked acutely embarrassed. Sharouk said briskly, "You'd better get down on the floor." We draped part of my sari over John, and a shawl that Sharouk's mother had left in the car.

At the entrance to the alley, of course the car was stopped. Faces and fists pressed up against the windows. The men outside shouted, *"Jai Hind!"*

"Jai Hind!" Sharouk and I replied enthusiastically.

"Success to the sailors!"

I noticed that we were both smiling brightly. "Success, success!"

We were allowed to proceed.

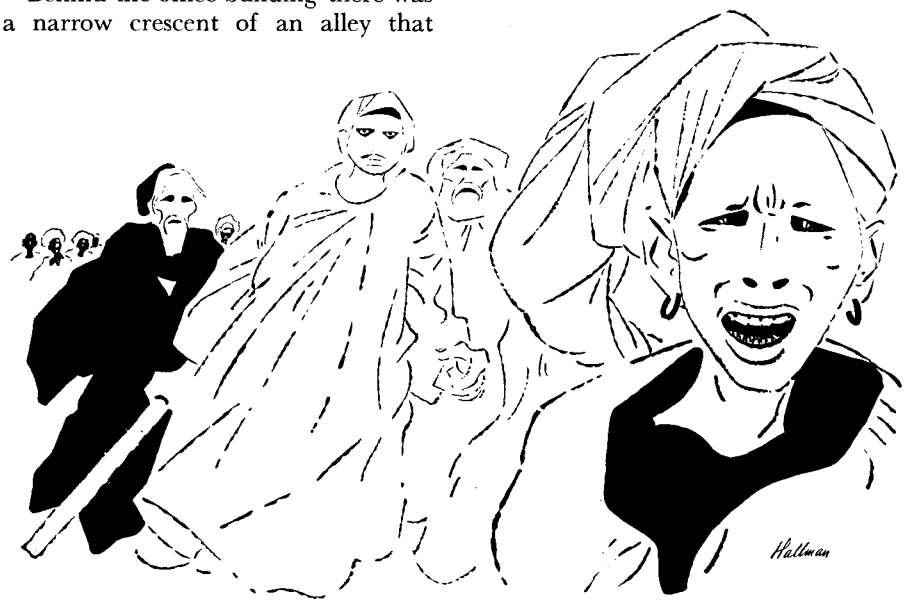
In the ten-minute drive to the undisturbed residential section of Marine Drive we were stopped several times more in the same way to respond to the same shouts.

When we dropped John home we all felt rather foolish. "Well," I said senselessly, "I'm sorry."

"Not at all, not at all," John said, and added vaguely, "The sins of the fathers or something."

The city was tense all the rest of that day, but the next day it looked as if the demands of the sailors would be met. The city relaxed to its normal life. The rubble and glass from Pherozeshah Mehta Road had already been cleared away when we went to work the next morning.

Samel's pictures came out very well, and we gave a large part of the next issue to them. That was the first month that *Trend* broke even.



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Prince of Darkness

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

SATAN, edited by Bruno de Jesus-Marie, O.C.D. *Sheed & Ward, $5.50.*

THIS new collection of pieces on demonology by European Catholics is interested, with rigorous logic, in giving the devil his due, establishing his position—that of a fallen angel—in the extraordinarily complicated hierarchy of creation. In this book it is theology, not the picturesque, that is important. There is the story of Jeanne Fery, a sixteenth-century French nun, who confessed that several demons inhabited her body. People were always confessing, under torture or not; the witches were very Russian in their abject admissions—there are all sorts of hideous demons, gargoyles, bestialities.

Its subject may appear extraordinarily remote to many people in whose minds the concept of the devil has no living reality. There are many such, and even many faithful Catholics among them, as Henri-Irenée Marrou points out in one of this volume's essays. The devil, or at least the devil with horns, rarely appears in our midst; few witches ride broomsticks to the sabbath; the dreaded and obscene goat is companion now to sheep and cow, harmless, innocent, and pleasing. In our nightmares it is Milton Berle who leers, Jane Russell who tempts our St. Anthonys; we do not waken with fright to see about us the threatening images of those evil spirits of whom Satan is the Prince, who wander through the world seeking whom to devour.

It was not always so. In the Catholic tradition, in the early Protestant tradition: British, German, or Salem; or for Buddhists—for Buddhism has Mara as equivalent to Satan; or for the pre-missionary, pre-oilfield American Indian; or for the classical Greek averting his gaze from the Gorgon, the devil was no abstract concept. The spirit of evil had a body; he could intervene in our affairs, be horribly present. His reign was one men feared above all others that they might one day enter; a real Satan challenged a real God.

Empty Space Around God

The Christian theological edifice resembles the game of jackstraws: It is extremely difficult to pull out a piece of it without bringing down the whole. That is why contemporary disbelief in Satan means more than abandoning him to the history of horrible paintings. It means emptying the space around God of all the angels good and bad, the Powers and the Dominations, and it means, in less vivid imagery, depersonalizing the whole concept of a revolt, conscious, intellectual, and free, of human and superhuman beings against their Creator. If proud Lucifer never existed, never revolted, never fell, never looked above him at "the army of unalterable law," then Michael was never faithful, and one might as well look up at night at Venus and Mars, adding whatever Christian fantasies one chooses to the names of planets.

Satan is an integral part of the Christian economy. He is a clue to the prob-

The Gorgon of the early Greeks

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Mexican earth goddess Coatlicue

lem of evil's existence. For God, if we must follow human reason (and we must), could not have created evil. Evil is only the precipitous retreat from good. Hell is that most difficult of all conceivable regions to attain. No rocket ship can take us there; no cleverness can discover a sure path that will lead there; the Hound of Heaven relentlessly pursues all travelers, cutting them off, driving them back. Satan is the lonely king of a solitary realm, the only creature in the universe who deliberately has chosen to be beyond recall, to be beyond the sound of God's voice. Just as there are statues of "heroic size," so the fallen angel is of heroic size as compared with man. It required angelic knowledge, angelic pride, a sort of angelic lucidity for Lucifer to reject God and choose the void.

The 'Possessed'

Human efforts to approach Satan—as shown in several chapters of this book —are pitiful. It is consoling that this should be so. The demoniacs, frothing at the mouth, vomiting ordure and lumps of hair—like a cat that has licked too long—complicatedly blaspheming in madhouse parody of the Mass, are, even from their point of view, following the wrong model. They are so debased, so insane, so "possessed," that Catholics and Protestants in the days when they still could do so burned them with great solemnity. Nowadays, we put them in asylums; then and now God takes care of them.

They had in the ages of faith, and they still have, a misleading iconography to inspire their sickly infantilism. The copious illustrations in this book are amply documentary—from the jacket cover showing a glaucous one-eyed monster, through Mexican and other horrors, to Goya, Max Ernst, Picasso, and Dali's synthetic reminiscences. Most of them show a hideous, infrahuman representation of the Prince of Darkness. This is a strange lack of respect for the angelic nature.

As Satan Appears

It is obvious that one cannot demand any accuracy in this matter. The angels must necessarily depend for their features on man's imagination. Neither Giotto nor Botticelli can fix their type, and the tender Gothic figures in France—the smiling angel of Amiens—standing high on the cathedrals accompanied by the gargoyles are still no more than the artists' dreams.

Yet some very early representations of Satan come closer intellectually to the Christian system. In one of them Satan and a good angel are side by side, both magnificent and beautiful; it is only in the coloring that Satan's dark choice is indicated. And in our times a village priest in France was saying Mass—this is only a story—and it did not surprise him to find the Mother of God standing at his side. What seemed unusual was that Satan stood there also, youthful, erect, superb; and the two conversed, the Mother and the Son's immortal enemy, each showing full awareness of the other's dignity.

Satan is attracted to sanctity. Only those with a supreme capacity for love can know what there is to refuse. God's hold on the mediocre is secure. That would take care of most of us.

The Catholic authors of this volume show a visible and sensible reluctance to evaluate even the more solid individual cases for diabolical possession. They are fully aware of possible psychiatric explanations. Their inevitable position is that Lucifer and his angels exist; that in their terrible loneliness they seek to attract human souls into the void they eternally inhabit; and that it is not possible *a priori* to say that there is no immediate, objective, and real contact between human beings and these angels.

In this stand they are logical; any different stand would weaken the entire Christian system. To this reviewer they seem a little inclined to indiscretion when they discuss one or two of the recent dead. Contributor Claude-Edmonde Magny comes very close to charging André Gide with a personal acquaintance with Satan. It is true that she has his own words to work with: "The great mistake," Gide wrote, "is to make a romantic figure of the devil. That is why I took so long to recognize him. With me he turned classical, when this was necessary for him to get hold of me, and then too he knew that it would not be easy for me to associate a certain happy equilibrium with evil. . . . By moderation, I thought to master evil; and it was by that very moderation that the evil one was, on the contrary, taking possession of me. . . ." Once again, *a priori,* the relationship cannot be excluded by anyone working within the Christian system; it would certainly have interested Gide, though it is doubtful whether he would have had the courage to enter into it. But, to say the least, such speculation about the dead Gide is distasteful.

In the final chapter of this volume an indignant German priest goes beyond all bounds with his thesis that Hitler was possessed of the devil. Here speculation yields to accusation. The result is rhetoric—an intrusion peculiarly disturbing in a book that lucidly challenges the reader to answer the eternal question. This is not "Is there a devil?" but "Is there a God?"

Figure Monstrueuse *by Picasso*

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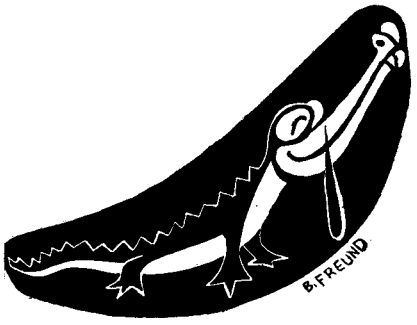


'Human' Interest in Europe's Red Press

HENRY TANNER

When, during a recent trip to Europe, I had a chance to study Communist newspapers in France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, the first thing that struck me was that the great issues so familiar to readers of the American press—Communist and otherwise—are not the most important issues for them. The punch of their arguments almost invariably hits closer to everyday life: high prices, low wages, the housing shortage, and the lack of schools. Even the frequency of railroad and street accidents is played up.

The charge that the French government is scheming to attack Russia, for instance, is generally avoided. Not even the readers of *L'Humanité* would believe it. Before they are able to see the meek Robert Schuman in the role of a diabolical plotter, they have to be "educated." The "education" process begins anew every day with well-written, sympathetic, often sentimental descriptions of how hard life is under the capitalist system. And because life is hard in Europe right now, the Communist editors find it easy to imply that they have proved their major premise.

L'Humanité recently covered the reopening of the Paris schools after the holidays like this: "Thousands of little legs are trotting to school on the sidewalks this morning. . . . The little mothers have washed and mended the blouses, searched their treasures of ingenuity to lengthen the dresses. . . . They were not able to buy what is needed. It is a sad opening this year, says the librarian. The children themselves talk about it: 'My mother couldn't buy me a satchel; I'll have to get along with this frayed old thing.'"

L'Humanité goes on in this vein for about three hundred words, then concludes: "The worries [of the mothers on the first day of school] could be removed if only they [the Government] stopped the war in Viet Nam which costs us a billion a day . . . if they took the trouble of building schoolhouses instead of billets for the American occupation forces, if the Government and its majority cared about the fate of our children instead of preparing for a war against the country where children can live and learn in happiness."

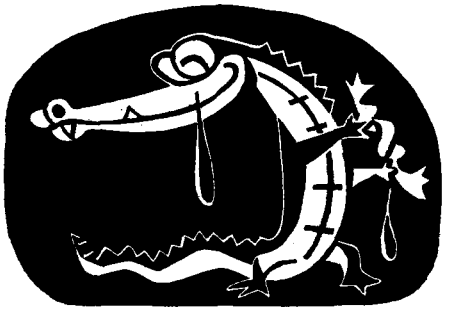
Specialized Vocabulary

Mothers are never called just mothers in *L'Huma,* as it is affectionately known to its readers; they always are *mamans*—little mothers. Their frailty and lack of protection in the cruel capitalist world is stressed constantly. When a little boy died of the measles in a Paris orphanage, *L'Humanité* ran a big headline: BABY WITHOUT A NAME DIES—OF LACK OF COAL—AT THE THRESHOLD OF A HAPPY LIFE. To any steady reader it was obvious that this "blond, beautiful boy of five" had died because, as *L'Humanité* had previously pointed out, French coal, by order from Washington, is available only for arms factories.

TWO AUSTRIAN CHILDREN SOLD TO AMERICA! screamed a page-one headline in the Austrian Communist daily *Volksstimme.* "Read story inside," urged a subtitle. This was the story: Three-year-old twins were sent to a state orphanage by an Austrian divorcee whose husband had failed to pay alimony. An American sergeant and his wife wanted to adopt them. The state charity authority rejected their offer, apparently because the mother was opposed to it, but agreed to reconsider it later. The final decision had not been made when the story appeared. No "sale" or "price" was mentioned in the story.

The vocabulary of Communist newspapers in Europe is a specialized one. The word "Communism," for example, hardly ever appears; it is always "socialism." In the Communist papers of Austria, the word "Anschluss"—which carries distasteful connotations about Hitler and the beginnings of defeat—is used frequently to describe any connections with the West and the West Germans, but is never used when the Czech Communists are glowing over the prospect of uniting with the East Germans in a "common fight for peace." West Germans, with the exception of Max Reimann, the Communist Party leader, and a few others, are referred to as "Nazis." When French Defense Minister Georges Bidault endorsed the European army project and hence co-operation between French and German military units, *L'Humanité* told its readers without qualification: "Bidault admits Nazi troops would be stationed in France."

The Communist name for American troops almost anywhere is "occupation forces," and G.I.s are "the representatives of the new super race." *L'Humanité's* front-page picture of American soldiers standing in front of their tents in France was captioned: "These occupation troops will soon fold their tents. The new building in the back-



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ground is for them. This is [the Government's] idea of 'reconstruction' and 'rehousing of war victims.' " On another day *L'Humanité* reported that central heating was being installed in the barracks "invaded" by the Americans.

'Penetration' and 'Aid'

American economic assistance is "colonial penetration." But when the Soviet Union shipped forty tractors and some cargoes of sugar, flour, and grits to flood victims in northern Italy, there were headlines in Communist papers from Athens to Bordeaux. Also prominently displayed was an item about how the longshoremen of Genoa worked overtime to unload the ships. On this same occasion, the Swiss Communist daily *Vorwärts* ran a banner line proclaiming: SOVIET AID TO ITALY—RACIAL TERROR IN U.S.A.

The case of Mrs. Charles Kirkwood, a New York housewife, was made to order for *L'Humanité*. When Mrs. Kirkwood was divorced in New York a year ago, she was given custody of her eight-year-old son Tom, but the court ruled that she could not remove the child more than twenty-five miles from the city without the court's permission. Despite this ruling, Mrs. Kirkwood sailed for Europe with Tom.

Her ex-husband filed a kidnaping charge and accused her of planning to take the boy behind the Iron Curtain permanently. Mrs. Kirkwood was arrested when she landed in France. She spent two months in and out of prisons and hospitals and was finally deported to America. *L'Humanité* naturally stressed the mother's misery, but nowhere in the paper did I read anything about the fact that a court order had been violated. *L'Humanité* reported Mrs. Kirkwood's forced embarkation under the headline: THIS IS HOW CRIMINAL AMERICAN AND FRENCH POLICE ARE KIDNAPING MRS. KIRKWOOD. Farther down in the account the reporter asked a rhetorical question: "Will [little Tom] be able to keep his mother for long? Nobody knows; for her ex-husband accuses her of being a Communist."

Besides proving, to *L'Humanité's* satisfaction at any rate, that there was no political freedom in the United States, the Kirkwood story also confirmed the "fact," well known to regular readers of the paper, that France had lost its national independence to J. Edgar Hoover. French authorities, it kept repeating, were "loyally executing the orders of the FBI."

Another "human-interest" story was picked up by a reporter for one of the

Communist papers in Berlin, *Vorwärts,* who accompanied Wilhelm Pieck, President of the East German Republic, on a visit to the "Stalingrad" factory in Prague. Among the shock workers who greeted President Pieck, the *Vorwärts* man reported, was James Miller Robinson, an American Negro, who was moved to deliver some "impromptu" remarks: "As a free worker, I am happy to salute the German workers' President. I say free worker, because in America I would never have had the opportunity to work in complete equality with white colleagues at the same machines and to earn a maximum wage as an *udarnik*. We Czech workers have to fight for peace together with the German people. U.S. imperialism is the greatest enemy of mankind. . . ."

The annual Automobile Show in Paris gave *L'Humanité* very useful evidence of American business imperialism, as did a recent Television Fair, where it came out that American manufacturers were planning to dump their obsolete black-and-white sets on

the French market. Under American influence, *L'Humanité* said, French television was an exclusive privilege of the rich, while "The Soviet Union had two important price reductions on television sets just recently; the price now corresponds to one month's salary of a skilled worker." The fact that in the United States a television set could be had for about half the monthly income of a skilled worker was, of course, not mentioned.

A French vintner may well have felt deserted by his government when he read that the quality of Polish wines was improving considerably "thanks to the application of the famed Soviet Michurin method." The paper didn't say what the famed Michurin method was, but insisted that the Poles were delighted with it.

Faithful readers of the Communist press are expected to perceive the dialectical undercurrent in the news even when an item is played straight. When *L'Humanité* reports, for instance, that "Edwin Locke, Jr., a vice-president of the Chase National Bank of New York, has been appointed head of the American economic-assistance program for the Near East," the faithful reader knows that the alert editors have just caught another Wall Street imperialist red-handed.

Accidents, Ads, and Weather

Even in factual reports of traffic accidents one can usually see—between the lines at least—a fat man with dollar signs on his vest driving callously away in his big American car after running down a proletarian cyclist. "A fight on top of the Eiffel Tower" is always good copy for *L'Humanité,* especially if the culprit is a drunken American tourist "who picked a fight with everybody, even a Sister of Mercy."

The Communist press is really a

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community institution for an enclave of people who make up a closely knit, separate state sealed off from the rest of the nation. In this community, the party is school, library, sports stadium, church, and city hall all wrapped up in one, and the press is its servant in all fields.

Without its newspapers the party would have trouble keeping the Communist community together. Communist editors must live up to Lenin's idea that a newspaper should be a "collective organizer" as well as a propagandist and political agitator. A French, German, or Austrian Communist is expected to read the party paper daily with close attention. It is like the bulletin board in an army barracks; it gives the order of the day, as well as information about meetings, weddings, funerals, and community hikes.

Most of the few advertisements in the Communist press are admonitions to the reader to read or see something that will improve his ideological well-being. Admission is nearly always free. A lot of the ads are "house ads" for the paper in which they appear. *L'Humanité* recently urged newsdealers and party workers to show "exemplary discipline" in the promotion campaign for the paper's big Sunday edition. Those who participated, it promised, would receive a tie pin, or a brooch "with the likeness of our comrade Maurice Thorez."

In bold white letters against a black background, *L'Humanité* has been asking its readers to "Organize Collective Listening to the VOICE OF PEACE." Wavelengths and daily schedules are given for these broadcasts, which are made up of programs in French from Moscow, Budapest, and Warsaw, as well as local transmitters.

After all this, it is no longer a shock finally when you get to the weather report in *L'Humanité* one day only to find that above the forecast for Paris, and in much bolder type, is the one for Moscow: "Cold wave and snow."

Sports, Theater, Books

The Communist papers usually give adequate coverage to local sports events, but, in addition, their columns are filled with news from the sports stadiums of Russia and eastern Europe. The leading Communist teams, it seems, are constantly on the road. Every Monday one can read the scores of international Communist-vs.-Communist soccer games and track meets that have been held in the various satellite capitals over the weekend. There may be glowing reports of the exploits of a Soviet ice-hockey team in Berlin. A Soviet volleyball team made headlines when it showed its generosity by playing a special exhibition game for children in Paris. Volleyball,

one learns from the Communist press, is a Russian specialty that is fast becoming a "popular mass sport" in Poland and is being taken up by scores of Communist clubs in other countries.

The highbrows can also find something to suit their tastes. Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* was played in Zürich and duly reviewed by the Swiss *Vorwärts*. The reviewer discovered to his satisfaction that the drama, which was written at the close of the eighteenth century and deals with a twelfth-century sultan, fitted into the current Communist party line as snugly as a *Pravda* editorial.

When Nathan told of the murder of his family by Christian crusaders, he reminded the Swiss Communist reviewer not only of the incubators of Auschwitz but also of "the millions and millions of men in Asia, Africa, and America [who] still sigh under the yoke of white colonial imperialism." And when the "villainous patriarch" orders the murder of the "progressive sultan," the reviewer exclaimed: "Just think of the traitorous role of certain church potentates in the people's democracies . . ."

A review of a Soviet novel in the same newspaper defined the Moscow doctrine of "socialist realism" to authors and painters: "In writing *The Young Guard* Fadeyev showed that he is a poet of a new type. The first version of his novel had met criticism in the Soviet press. . . . The author was found guilty of some historical inaccuracies, especially in underestimating the role of the Communist Party . . . in the fight against the Hitler bandits. It was criticized also that some of the heroes were painted too pedantically, woodenly. After all, there were many readers who had known the heroes personally. Fadeyev did not withdraw into a sulking corner, but wrote a second version, taking into account the justified criticism—an example of the socialist poet being educated by the socialist reader."

The power of poetry is also recognized by the German Communists, and one of their veteran authors, Johannes R. Becher, conducts a course whose official title can best be translated as "Seminar for Rookie Authors."

The effect of Becher's teachings on German poetry may be seen in the work of one of the graduates of the seminar, who published the following poem in the *Freie Presse,* a Communist daily at Zwickau in East Germany. It seems to me to typify both the style and the policy of the Communist press of Europe. The poem goes:

Whether your name is Churchill
Or Truman
Or maybe Ford or Schacht—
Who cares?
No matter how you writhe,
Your time will be up
Soon.
Do you hear the rifles
Of Mao Tse-tung?

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Wide World

Passing Of a King

DONALD HALL

THERE is a triple fanfare from the heralds on the palace balcony, the Garter King of Arms proceeds with the majestic proclamation that "the Crown is solely and rightfully come to the High and Mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary," and as the echoes of the guns fade we silently disperse.

We move under a weight of sadness that hangs on the cold still air of London, that drifts over the whole land, over the farms and the market towns, mingling with the smoke of the industrial Midlands and the North. It is an extraordinary sadness felt for King George VI, one who has been for us a voice or a being seen at a distance, one whom very few of us indeed have ever met.

Some of us, more analytical than others, ask ourselves why we are sad, what cause there is for this emotion that so remarkably disturbs us. We are aware that the theaters and the cinema are closed, that there is no dancing or racing, that our newspapers are bordered with black because the highest family in the land, the family of our monarch, is bereaved. It is right and proper that we should pay respect.

Position of the Monarchy

But our own lives continue uninterrupted, unaffected. So, it might be said, is the case in lesser degree with the passing of any great and good man. Far otherwise. It is not a matter of degree but of kind. When a good man dies we are, according to our sensibilities, sorry. But if we feel sorrow it is partly because we identify ourselves with him or with his family. He may have been greater or better than ourselves, but he was one of us. We feel personally. We weep not for Adonis or Tammuz but for John Smith.

It is indeed the very fact that our lives are unaffected and that we have suffered no personal loss which makes significant in this age our emotions at the passing of a king. It has been repeatedly stated that the greatest service rendered to our monarchy by recent kings and by our present queen while a princess has been their identifying themselves with their people. There had been periods in the nineteenth century when, owing to the behavior of King George IV and the withdrawal of Queen Victoria from public affairs, the monarchy had fallen into disrepute. But the idea that the special virtue of monarchy resides in the monarch's identifying himself, or herself, with the people is vulgar and spurious.

It is true that by the probity of their lives, by their kindliness and dignity, by their sacrifice of all private interest—in the case of the late king, of life itself—to that of their people, they have won love and respect. But there has been none of the identification so dear to the shallow mind of the modern propagandist. What has happened is that, after periods when monarchs neglected the duties of their office, our recent kings have by their behavior identified themselves once more with the basic conception of kingship.

The very words of the proclamation are instinct with this. That the king is not as other men, that the king never dies, is the reason for the extraordinary emotions that we feel. They are not, however well-loved the man, personal feelings; nor are they false emotions stirred by all the pomp and circumstance attendant on the death of kings. They are atavistic and inescapable in a people who, but for one brief interregnum, have never been without a king, and so are linked subconsciously in that train of evolution from the sacred kingship, the incarnate human gods.

'This Curious Sadness'

Even as I use the word "interregnum" I am reminded that less than three hundred years ago it was reaffirmed that "by the laws of England there can be no interregnum within the same." So was a modern legal sanction given to the primitive conception of the god-king who dies each year and is reborn, as Tammuz or Adonis died to live again. We have traveled a long way from the earliest myths, from their exploitation by sorcerers exercising such sway that they became kings who in turn became divine, until religion caused a division between the temporal and the spiritual, to the despots and to the decay of despotism, to the day of constitutional government. But the king has never died.

There is no need, then, to put a gloss on the sadness that we feel by interpreting it in terms of personal affection. Certainly the affection is there; but we who in this second half of the twentieth century feel this curious sadness can recognize it as coming from the depths of our subconsciousness. It is otherwise inexplicable. The ritual of death ended, the living embodiment is here. We need no legal sanction to tell us that "coronation is but a royal ornament and solemnization of the royal descent, but no part of the title." We know it in our bones, from time immemorial, when we cry "God save the Queen!"

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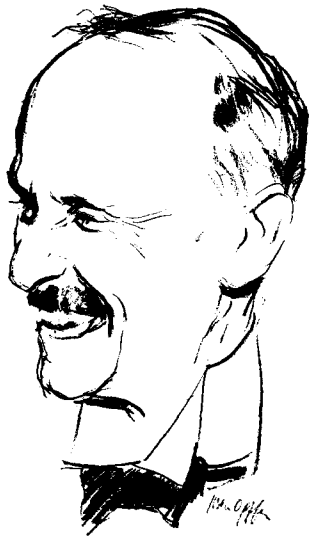
Reigning European Monarchs: The Thinning Rank

Gustav of Sweden

Frederik of Denmark



Haakon of Norway

Paul of Greece

Juliana of the Netherlands

Baudouin of Belgium

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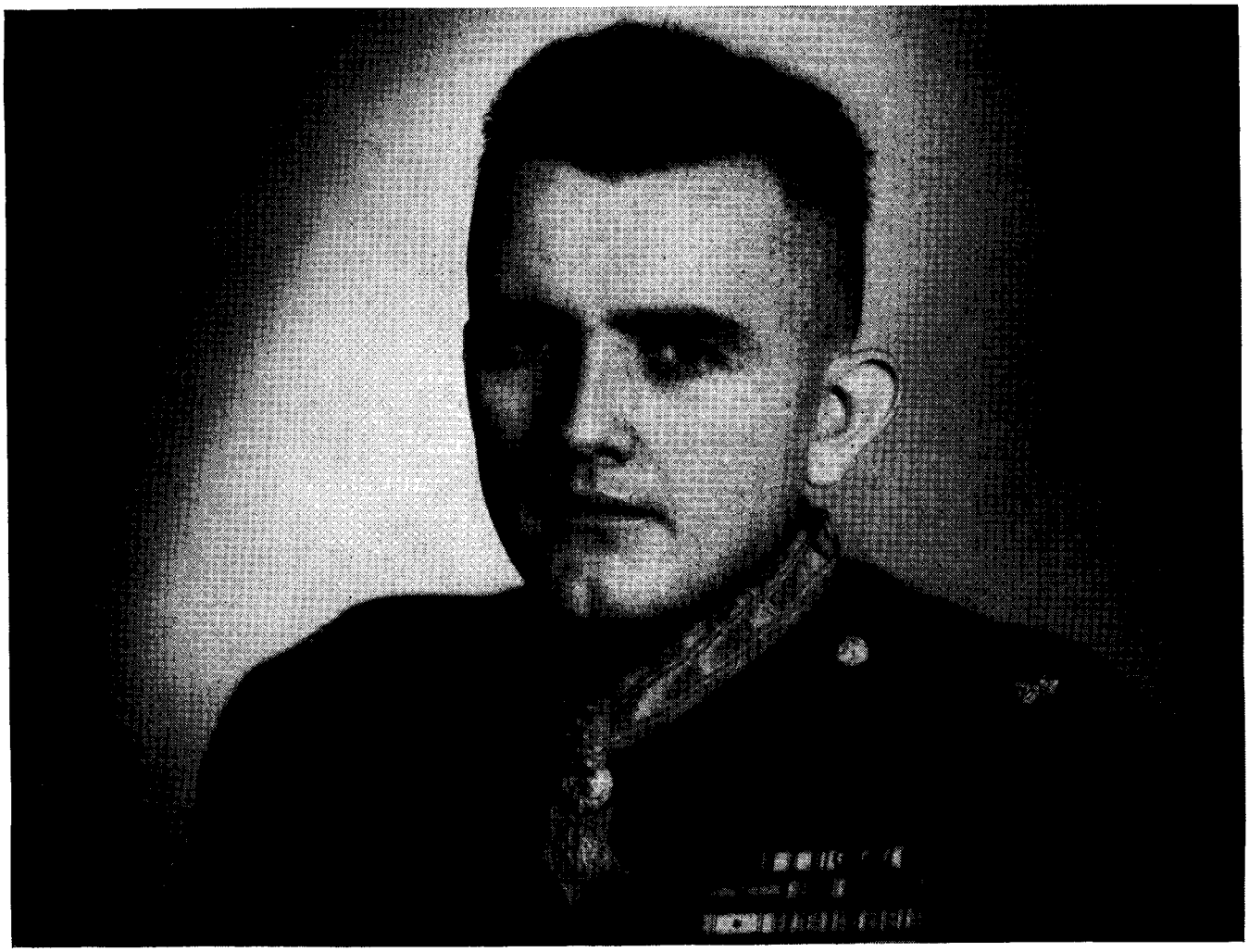

Major Carl L. Sitter, USMC Medal of Honor

THE HILL WAS STEEP, snow-covered, 600 feet high. Red-held, it cut our lifeline route from Hagan-ri to the sea; it had to be in our hands.

Up its 45-degree face, Major Sitter led his handful of freezing, weary men—a company against a regiment! The hill blazed with enemy fire. Grenade fragments wounded the major's face, chest, and arms. But he continued heading the attack, exposing himself constantly to death, inspiring his men by his personal courage. After 36 furious hours the hill was won, the route to the sea secured. Major Sitter says:

"Fighting the Commies in Korea has taught me one thing—in today's world, *peace is only for the strong!* The men and women of America's armed forces are building that strength right now. But we need your help—and one of the best ways you can help us is by buying United States Defense Bonds.

"So buy Defense Bonds—and more Defense Bonds—starting *right now*. If you at home, and we in the service, can make America stronger *together*, we'll have the peace that we're all working for!"

★ ★ ★

Remember, when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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